"ISLAMORADA"

An Original Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Aerial movement takes us through the clouds, white pillowy; a visual gift from God. CREDITS BEGIN.

MOVING DOWNWARD, and into a clearing, we spot land. A caption flashes:

FLORIDA KEYS

Islands, lots of them, a scattered chain of various sized land masses, set like jewels in a turquoise and blue ocean.

A lioness' ROAR is heard, as an unmarked DC-3 cuts into our FRAME. Flying extremely low, a radio VOICE is heard.

VOICE
HQ-4, this is Delta Charlie 3. What's our sit rep?

RADIO VOICE
Drop off communication, negative DC-3. Still a go. I repeat, all systems go.

CUT TO:

INT. DC-3 COCKPIT - NIGHT

The glow radiating from the complex array of radar and navigational equipment silhouette the flight CREW. No faces can be seen.

CAPTAIN
Roger that HQ. We'll proceed on, empty our belly and talk to you again live Delta Charlie 3. Out.

Still unable to see faces, the Captain turns to his Co-Pilot.

CAPTAIN
Okay, Vinnie. Go tell what's his name to lock and load. We're about two klicks away from target.

VINNIE
Ten-four, Cap. We'll get him a six pack if he hits a bull's-eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vinnie unbuckles. His dark shape rises and exits the cockpit.

CUT TO:

INT. REAR OF DC-3 - EXTREME CLOSEUP

1) A flashing red "ready" light - monotone BEEPS.

2) A hand grabs a lever -- pulls.

3) Cargo doors on the underside shoot open. A massive tarpaulin covered crate leaves us, jetting downward toward the ocean.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The DC-3 flies past overhead, as we see the cargo streaking from the plane towards the sea.

CUT TO:

INT. DC-3 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Vinnie turns to his Captain, urgent.

VINNIE
We got a chute malfunction, sir.

CAPTAIN
A what?

VINNIE
The cargo chute broke loose. It's falling free, sir.

The Captain pauses a beat, staring straight ahead.

CAPTAIN
Fuck it. That's pickup's problem. Let's go home, Vin.

Vin understands. He buckles in and pours a cup of coffee. CREDITS END.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The cargo hits the orange-red flare lit ocean with intense impact. Water flies in all directions as does the cargo. Nothing ginger about this landing, as the moths have done their work to the chute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Several burning marker flares are capsized, waves flowing form the impact. Definitely a bull's-eye.

PAN off the strike zone to reveal -- A mid-sized, unmarked fishing vessel, ghostlike, motionless. Black smoke rising from the hull. As we begin TRACKING down the length of the boat, we see...

ANGLE on a blood covered life jacket. Then a body, riddled with holes. PAN to a second body, no more than half the young man's head remains. His body is contorted in a position only death could offer. Bullet holes surround his corpse.

EXTREME CLOSEUP -- A blood stained hand clutches a boat hook. As we PULL OUT, we find it's only a hand; unconnected to its owner. This boat is sinking fast, as the black smoke increases.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN OF BOAT

ANGLE on the ship-to-shore RADIO. A red light flashes on its console. We hear the radio voice:

RADIO VOICE
Blue Fin Tuna, Blue Fin Tuna,
what's your status?

PAN off the radio to reveal another body in the cabin, several bullet holes in the man's chest. Driven only by adrenaline, he's moving. Emitting blood drowned gurgles of pain, he strains to grab the dangling mike receiver.

RADIO VOICE
Blue Fin Tuna, please advise.
What's your status?

The man, bleeding like a hemophiliac, manages to get to one knee. He reaches for the receiver. In what seems to be an eternity, he finally grabs it, and crumples to the deck, receiver in hand.

RADIO VOICE
Blue Fin Tuna, if you can't speak,
key your handset three times.

The man slowly brings the handset to his face. Quivering, he opens his mouth to speak. He presses the button, the radio console light goes from red to green. His mouth opens, no words exit. Only blood, as he vomits red into the handset, and dies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO VOICE
Blue Fin Tuna, I repeat. If you can't speak...

BOOM! Flash! The screen goes white.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

LONG SHOT as the boat erupts in a barrage of flames and smoke. For a moment the end of the world, as falling pieces of flame and boat matter hail towards the ocean.

CUT TO:

INT. DC-3

CLOSEUP on radar screen. A small red "blip" disappears from the scanner -- gone. PULL BACK as Vinnie leans in close to the screen, taps it twice. He looks at the Captain.

VINNIE
We just lost contact with Blue Fin, sir.

Captain doesn't look at him.

CAPTAIN
They probably just shut down their transmitter.

VINNIE
Wanna go back for a look?

The Captain reaches over and calmly hits a button on his console. The radar screen goes black.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Several Ospreys circle above in a holding pattern. A tattered body lies face down in a bed of seaweed. One lands on the body -- begins pecking at the corpse's scalp. Another joins in as the feeding frenzy has begun. PUSH IN on this semi-natural act of carnage.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DIRT PIT - NIGHT

CLOSEUP on roosters in a heated battle. Chaotic SCREAMS, GRUNTS of anger and excitement fill the kerosene torch lit room. Neither cock appears to be getting the upper hand, or wing. Their fighting grows tense, we begin a SLOW PULL BACK. The roosters are in a dirt pit, surrounded on all sides by a frenzied crowd cheering. PANNING ACROSS the various faces, we find them mostly to be salty, disheveled, low class, greasy Hispanics. The smell of alcohol in here could wilt daisies.

The CAMERA COMES TO REST on a face that implies immediate contrast. A young man barely twenty, Caucasian, rugged good looks. He's WILLIAM DAWSON. "Buzz" to his friends.

TIGHTER on Buzz, sweat running down his omni-present crew cut, hence the nickname. He concentrates with all his guile, and we sense he's almost praying.

Still TIGHTER, as the NOISE level doesn't prove to be distracting. Fists clutching and waving crumpled bills in front of his face. He stares past it all. It's all about the birds. Suddenly he looks up.

BUZZ'S POV -- Directly across the pit from him, six foot four, roughly 225 pounds, red beard, ancient Jack Daniels' hat. A black leather eye patch covers his left eye. Chewing on a lobster tail, drunk and angry, staring right at buzz. He smiles, revealing grotesque, rotted, shit stained teeth. His name is ONE EYED JACK.

ANGLE on Buzz, he half smiles in return.

ANGLE on the cocks, their battle reaches a crescendo.

Four various CUTS ensue.

1) Two large, sweaty, male Latin homos, tucked into a corner, mouths locked in a tongue war, hands groping swollen crotches and overweight asses.

2) An inebriated, shirtless, hairy Cuban is pinching a loaf in another corner of this converted barn like structure. In one drunken move, his head falls forward, bile spilling from his mouth onto his chest. He stumbles back and sits in his own shit.

3) A muscle bound Cuban sits on a lobster trap near the entrance, sharpening a glistening two and a half foot machete, smoking a large spleef.

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CONTINUED:

4) A whole pig is slowly turning on a spit, as the flesh SIZZLES and POPS above the open flame. An ancient, toothless Cuban lady tends to it. A bubbling, black lobster cauldron sits nearby. The old lady tears a piece of flesh from the swine's back, and sucks it down. She cackles in culinary delight. Her laughter echoes over the mayhem and brings us back to:

THE FIGHT PIT

Quivering and dying in the dirt is Rooster #1. Rooster #2 is doing the "death dance" around its fallen opponent.

PAN UP to find Jack moving through the frenzied crowd, money changing crazed hands, as we TRACK with Jack.

A sudden ethnic fight breaks out in front of him. He moves them both aside with one arm, never taking his eye off his target.

Still TRACKING through the money crazed mayhem, he arrives at his destination -- Buzz.

Jack sizes him up.

JACK
(thick Southern accent)
Welcome to my game, boy!

BUZZ
I didn't see your name on the front door, Jack.

JACK
That's cause your blind, Peckerwood.

Jack pushes one finger into his own patch covered eye. It sinks in halfway.

JACK
I seem to recall our little wager to be five hundred, boy.

Buzz reaches into his front pocket, digging for cash...

BUZZ
Man's got a memory like a fuckin' elephant...

Jack hears the comment and quickly snatches Buzz by the throat. He pulls Buzz in nose to nose.

CONTINUED:

In the b.g., we see the next match begin. Cocks are held back, then released -- mayhem once again.

JACK
You want your whole face to look like this?

He reaches up and pulls back his eye patch. It's a network of contorted bone and scar tissue, leading deep into a cavernous black socket.

BUZZ
Looks like your boyfriend came back from Key West, Jack.

Jack's eye registers fire. He pulls the cash from Buzz's hand -- still holding his neck. He throws him to the ground in a heap. Jack stands above him.

JACK
(pointing to his patch)
I been skull fucked by the devil hisself, boy.

He lets out a cackle and turns to go. Buzz springs to his feet and grabs Jack's shoulder. Jack spins on him -- their eyes meet. Insanity versus youth.

BUZZ
Double or nothin', Jack!

JACK
Fuck you.

He starts to move away.

BUZZ
If I had tits on my back, you'd think about it.

Jack hears, pauses, and comes back to Buzz, fire in his eye. Buzz holds his ground. Jack cracks his demonic smile.

JACK
Don't tease the cock, unless you're gonna fuck it.

BUZZ
'Fraid you're gonna lose, hillbilly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack whips off his hat and head butts him right above the eye. An audible CRACK is heard, sending Buzz down. Jack puts his hat back on.

JACK
Yer on!... The blue bird's mine!

He heads back to his side of the arena.

ANGLE on Buzz watching him go. He gets back to his feet, a thin stream of blood works its way down his face. He touches the cut and tastes the blood. "Fuck it" and gorges his way back to the front, at the edge of the pit.

ANGLE on the fighting cocks, beaks chopping, spurs flying. Blood begins to appear.

TIGHT on Jack, glancing from the fight to Buzz. He drinks straight Jack Daniels from a hip flask.

TIGHT on Buzz, eyes darting from Jack to the cocks.

BACK on Jack. He lifts his patch and shoves the flask into his eye socket. He tilts his head back, gargles, and spits it out his mouth.

CLOSEUP -- Buzz's hands reveal an empty wallet.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - Rooster leg, a thick stream of blood cascades down the thigh, past a Red ribbon on its ankle.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - Buzz's eyes seeing this.

CLOSEUP - Jack's hands, counting the wad Buzz gave him. Peeling off twenties one at a time.

ON Buzz. The room volume drops as his HEARTBEAT takes over. The rest of the scene moves to SLOW MOTION. He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a small knife, keeping it hidden.

ON Jack. Peeling off one bill at a time.

ON the cocks. Blue starting to triumph.

EXTREME CLOSEUP -- Jack's hands, pulling back another bill, behind the last twenty. We see Mickey Mouse, where Hamilton should be smiling up at him.

ON the cocks. In one move, the Blue cock kicks and tears the Red's neck. Blood and feathers fly as the head is torn from the body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - Jack's face. He moves for Buzz.

ON Jack, motioning with one hand, still in pursuit.

ON the door guard, drawing his machete.

ON Buzz, running straight at him. The guard swings for his head, Buzz ducks. The blade cuts through the air above him, hitting and sticking into the wooden door frame.

As Buzz moves past, he plunges his blade into the guard's inner thigh. The guard shrieks. Buzz leaves the blade there and shoots past the screaming man -- all hell breaks loose.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - The decapitated rooster head falls lifelessly INTO FRAME, nerves jittering, beak agape.

Jack pushes past the stuck guard, at the same time yanks the machete from the doorway. The chase is on, as he heads into the night after Buzz.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

As Jack storms out, we see the structure for the first time. Ancient rotted gray wood, roughly the size of a small barn. The surrounding vegetation is thick jungle.

ANGLE on Jack, pausing out front. He scans the area. His POV brings us to:

1) A cholo-type leaning against a rusty pickup truck, smoking crack as a pig darts by -- behind him. Several other pickup trucks scattered about various animals and people.

2) A drunken Cuban asleep on the gravel. A happy dog licking his face.

3) Another pickup truck, a Latin couple are in the rear bed, fornicating.

Jack sees this and rushes over immediately.

ANGLE on Jack approaching the truck. His closer POV reveals the male on top, working his arm up and down under her dress. She moans in pleasure.

JACK
You godless heathens!

The MAN manages to glance up an instant before Jack grabs him by the hair, hauling him up and off the girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's clutching a Corona bottle dripping with blood. Jack yanks the bottle from his hand.

MAN
(in Spanish)
I didn't do nothing. I didn't do nothing.

Jack sniffs the bottle -- his eyes widen. The girl leaps from the truck, gathering herself as she runs off.

JACK
(to Man)
I wish you were my girlfriend, pen-dee-ho.

He smashes the bottle over the man's head, his limp body falls to the ground.

TRACKING with Jack as he comes around to the front of the truck. He takes the keys from his shirt pocket and pauses. He hears it and so do we, a MOTORCYCLE.

Jack jumps into the truck and fires it up. As he peels off in reverse, he runs over the Corona victim's left leg. The limp Man springs to life screaming to God, as the truck speeds off into the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Buzz on the motorcycle, speeds through the twisted half-lane road, leading to the town of Islamorada. his '78 Suzuki 400 has seen better days, although it still manages to keep a good lead on Jack.

INT. JACK'S PICKUP - NIGHT

Behind the wheel sits canned revenge, driving with the look of death.

JACK
(to himself)
Peckerwood. Gonna cut yer balls off, and bait a trap with 'em.

CLOSEUP - Jack's foot pushing down harder. The truck's speed increasing at a good clip.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Buzz flies by on the motorcycle and -- gone. A few beats later, the truck speeds by. Jack is gaining.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Jack driving intensely. The bumpy road getting smoother. His head cranes up and he smiles.

SWISH PAN to his headlights. The rear tail light of Buzz's bike about sixty feet in front of the truck. Jack presses harder.

ANGLE on Buzz, sensing the light and hearing the approach of the PICKUP. He glances back. Through the headlights, it's possible to see Jack's eye blazing... and that smile, that goddamn smile.

Jack's POV, TIGHT on Buzz looking back, fixed into that eye, if only for a second, and forgetting the road. Buzz's head whips back around toward the road, the exiting jungle blurred on both sides, just as...

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Two young American BOYS are driving home after the "big night out."

BOY #1
So, I'm putting all this shit in my... Haa....

He pauses his speech and glances left -- four feet away -- a speeding headlight. His final words never arrive at his mouth.

Buzz plows directly into the driver's side of the car.

OVERHEAD SHOT, the bike strikes the door in a violent embrace. Buzz flies up and over the windshield. Bounding down off the side of the sedan -- the car SCREECHES to a stop.

CLOSEUP on Buzz, in a state of sudden semi-consciousness, hitting the dirt. The dust settled as he comes to a stop on his shaken, hurt side.

His POV through the tires under the sedan. Truck headlights, familiar ones, speed directly at him. Buzz dives backwards.

ANGLE on sedan, as Jack's truck hits it. Metal against metal, a vicious shot. The rear of the sedan is completely demolished.

INT. SEDAN

SLOW MOTION, as both Boys wave and "snap" on impact. Their heads viciously banged together. Blood seeps, they both collapse.

CONTINUED:

Nerves jumping, all locks in place, breathing hard. He peers out slowly through the small drapes on the door -- coast clear.

Buzz finally relaxes. We now realize that we're inside Buzz's apartment. A single bed, bathroom, black and white TV, couple of beanbags. He slumps back against the door, breathing slowing down a tad. It's the end of a nightmarish evening. We sense a smile, if it's not too painful.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Wild banging on the door. Buzz springs back to life, a cat again.

BUZZ
(hushed)
Who's there?

A beat. Silence.

VOICE
Who were we expecting?

ON Buzz. He smiles, exhales deeply, and opens the door.

ANGLE on the door, as it swings open. Backlit blonde hair is seen. As she steps into the light, we see her, tall, lean, tan, in a very healthy style. It's KAREN, Buzz's girlfriend. Her face falls.

KAREN
Oh, Buzz.

They embrace. She peels him off her chest -- looks directly into his face.

KAREN
Buzz, you're a mess. You poor thing. What happened?

It's only now we see the full extent of Buzz's facial injuries. Nose, eye both cut, dirt, caked blood; nothing serious. His wounds contort as he thinks of a lie.

BUZZ
Nothing, nothing really happened. I just sorta woke up like this today.

He crumples to the ground. Karen looks down at him.

KAREN
Oh, Buzz.

She kneels to help him.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Buzz, seated in a chair, head back into the sink. Karen is above him, tending to his wounds with a wash rag. The morning rays cut in with the arrival of dawn.

BUZZ
Missed you last night. Thought you were gonna call.

KAREN
How can I, when your phone's been turned off?

Buzz smiles at this.

BUZZ
Sorry. Forgot about that.

KAREN
Didn't pay your bill, Buzz?

BUZZ
Nah, I just didn't pay attention.

She hits a sore spot.

BUZZ
Shit. That's the painful one, Karen.

Karen works around it.

KAREN
Sorry, didn't know it was so deep.

It's obviously the head butt wound.

KAREN
I don't know, Buzz, a couple cuts here and there, a few screw ups now and again is one thing... but from the looks of you now, you're headin' towards something serious.

BUZZ
C'mon, Karen. I had an accident.

Her cloth stops.

KAREN
What kind of an accident?

BUZZ
I told you. It was a simple, innocent, gambling error. I fucked up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She washes the blood from the rag. The sink water darkens.

KAREN
That's obvious, Buzz. I just care, that's all. It's tough to watch someone you love, hurt so bad.

BUZZ
I know, babe. Believe me, I know. Fishing's bad right now. A man's gotta do...

KAREN
(cuts him off)
I know, I know, what a man's gotta do.

She soothes the final wound with warm water.

BUZZ
You're a cool chick, Karen.

KAREN
I'm a pregnant "chick."

Buzz's head whips around quickly, eyebrow catching the faucet. A closed cut begins to bleed again.

BUZZ
Ow... goddamn it! You're a what?

KAREN
I'm pregnant for Chrissake, Buzz. I'm carrying your child.

The statement registers on Buzz's face. He stares straight ahead, Karen crosses to the shower.

KAREN
I'm sorry, Buzz. I... just thought you should know.

He glares at her. A beat.

BUZZ
You're damn right, I should know.

She comes back to him, their eyes meet.

BUZZ
How do you wanna handle this?

CONTINUED:

KAREN
If you give me five hundred dollars, you won't have to.

She grabs him and they hug. He holds her tightly and she begins to weep.

BUZZ
It's okay, babe. It's okay, I'll handle this. I'll find a way. I promise you, I'll find a way.

We PUSH IN on Buzz, a growing register of concern in his eyes. Eyes that might have seen the world ten times already. Karen's muffled crying is drowned out as a deafening jet ROAR cuts in overhead.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMESTEAD AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

An F-16, in full bore afterburners engaged, jets out over the horizon, leaving behind its strip of launching pad. The proud, old base stretches over 25 square miles of land. A variable cavalcade of scattered installations cover the area as far as they can see. The rest is airstrips.

EXT. BASE MAIN GATE - DAY

A convertible Jeep pulls up to the gate, Buzz behind the wheel. Attached to the trailer at the rear of Buzz's Jeep sits a sixteen foot "mako" open fisherman- filthy, unkept "battleship": is written across the right side. A white gloved GUARD steps out from the guardhouse.

BUZZ
(shades on)
'Morning, Drake.

DRAKE
'Morning, Buzz?
(he checks his watch)
It's two PM, son.

The guard hits the gate button, and it starts to rise.

BUZZ
My sun dial's off a bit.

DRAKE
(motioning him through)
So are you, my friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buzz hears this as he pulls off and away, entering the complex. CRANE UP, as he disappears from sight into this massive layout of military within.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICERS' CLUB - DAY

A strange cross between a "no frills" restaurant and an airport bar. Low lit, fairly spacious, and sometimes quiet, the late lunch crowd mills about. Brass, ranging from "Butterbars" to Generals. Buzz steps in, except for his hair, he stands out like a sore thumb. He approaches a BUSBOY who is cleaning up a table.

BUZZ
Excuse me, I'm looking for Colonel Dawson.

Without looking up, the Busboy jerks his thumb toward the rear of the room.

BUSBOY
You can't miss him. Only stiff in there who puts four sugars in his coffee.

Buzz's eyes scan the dining area. He spots him.

ANGLE on an isolated table, where COLONEL DAWSON is conducting some business with MAJOR BURKE, another officer. The Colonel is a well toned man of grace, over six feet tall, with graying temples, distinguished with classic, rugged military looks. We sense in a glance that this man could sell ice cubes to Eskimos. Both men look up from their drinks as they notice Buzz approaching.

BURKE
Trouble, Bill?

DAWSON
No, just a routine visitor.

Buzz steps up, nervous, but friendly.

BUZZ
'Afternoon, sir.

DAWSON
Cut the sir crap, Buzz. Do you know Major Sam Burke?

BUZZ
(more confident)
Haven't had the pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They shake hands.

DAWSON
Sam, my son, Buzz.

Burke removes a stack of papers from the table and places them into his briefcase.

BUZZ
Don't mind if I join you, do you, Dad?

They share a look.

BURKE
(getting up)
I gotta get back to Operations. Nice meeting you, Buzz.

Burke rubs the top of Buzz's head. It's obvious Buzz hates that sort of thing. Buzz plops himself down.

DAWSON
(to Burke)
I'll stroll back over as soon as the foam on my beer settles.

The Major smiles and struts off.

BURKE
See you tomorrow, sir.

He exits.

Buzz looks at his pop. Dawson eyes back at him. A strange moment of silence... is broken.

DAWSON
What the hell happened to your face?

It sinks in. Buzz has forgotten.

BUZZ
Had a little spill on my motorbike.

DAWSON
(drinks)
Yeah, I never should of loaned you the money to buy that piece of shit.

A waitress approaches the table.

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
Ma'am, a Pepsi, please...
(to Dad)
Hey, I paid you back, didn't I?

DAWSON
I don't know, son. When the shit piles up as high as you let it get, a man needs stilts to stay above it. Four hundred here, coupla bills there... it doesn't...

Buzz cuts in, tension building between them, as usual.

BUZZ
How was your day?

Dawson pauses -- drinks.

DAWSON
Well, I've been ballistically jeopardizing the future of the American public. Another day at the office.

BUZZ
Wow, Dad, you sure know how to make a son proud.

Dawson sets his beer down and glares at Buzz.

DAWSON
Proud?

BUZZ
Did I stutter?

DAWSON
Don't talk to me about pride, son. I've <u>forgotten</u> more about long, hard hours than you'll ever see. So, don't come into <u>my</u> airspace, chin waggin' your half ass sarcasm at a life I'm pretty damn <u>proud</u> of. You got that?

BUZZ
(not looking at him)
Roger that, Colonel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buzz shifts uncomfortably. The waitress arrives with his soda, sets it down. Neither man's eyes meet.

BUZZ
Look, Dad, I hate to ask, but I need a small favor.

Dawson looks back at him. He knows what's coming. Waits.

BUZZ
I need about two grand... pay you back, real soon, I promise.

Dawson can only laugh, shaking his head in disbelief.

DAWSON
Well, they say if a man eats enough bread, he'll finally get to the shit. And I do mean shit. You're some kinda hero, pal.

BUZZ
(leans in)
I promise this is it. I wouldn't have come here if I really didn't need to.

DAWSON
Need sounds like the key word here, buzz. I think what you need is a steady paying job, an accurate moral compass and a strong reacquaintance with the word "no."

Buzz is a bit taken back, although he expected this. He didn't think it would be this though. In one move, he rises and starts to leave.

BUZZ
I'm gonna go watch them gas some puppies at the dog pound. It's a bit more humane down there.

Dawson also rises, and blocks Buzz's path.

DAWSON
Not so fast, skipper. I need a small favor.

Buzz can't wait for this one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAWSON
At exactly nineteen hundred hours, this evening, a certain Matthew J. Dawson is stepping off a commercial jet at Miami International. Your mission is to collect his sorry ass, provide shelter for, and show your brother the time of his civilian puke life.

Buzz registers this with a look of confusion.

BUZZ
Matt's comin' in?

DAWSON
Well, the boy speaks English. Do we have a problem with this, son?.

Buzz in a whirlwind of thought -- finally comes back to focus.

BUZZ
No, Dad, no problem. No problem at all.

Buzz starts to go. He drops a single dollar bill on the table.

BUZZ
In due time, Pop.

He salutes left handed, turns on his heels and walks off.

DAWSON
(calling out)
If there is a problem, call me.

Buzz turns around, walking backwards, pulls the lining of his pants pockets out. Empty.

BUZZ
No quarters.

DAWSON
Call collect.

Buzz leaves on that note, Dawson watching him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DUSK

The setting sun offers twilight its final rays sparkle off the nose of an antiquated, nondescript, twin prop job, pulling INTO FRAME. It rolls along a barren, hidden, narrow strip of old asphalt, surrounded by jungle. It's a miracle that a pilot could spot the clearing, much less land here.

ANGLE on the plane, turning slightly, coming at us. The props begin to slow, as the plane stops.

ANGLE on the underside of the plane. Two cargo doors fly open. Two Latino men climb out of the hull and begin an organized procedure of handing several mid-sized boxes, carefully, efficiently out of the aircraft. Their ages range, as do their wardrobes. They wear sandals and shorts, shirtless, sweaty.

As they unload, we notice a slightly larger Latino man emerge from the door wearing Hawaiian shorts and a Yankee baseball cap. He appears to be in charge, shouting orders to the rest of the crew. His name is ORTIZ.

CLOSEUP on the cockpit, we catch a glimpse of the pilot, pulling off his aviator specs as he heads back into the tail section of the craft. Blond hair, tall, very tall.

ANGLE on a battered UPS truck, approaching through the dense vegetation. It cruises past the charred remains of an ancient light aircraft wreckage, and stops at the tail section.

TIGHTER on the truck, as doors fly open and four men emerge in civilian clothing. They head toward the rear of the truck where a latch is pulled.

INT. REAR OF UPS TRUCK - DUSK

The doors open outward, and the unloading begins. The men quicken their pace as darkness approaches. They haul out several crates, much larger and longer than the ones on board the plane and hurriedly move them toward the plane's cargo door.

ANGLE on the plane. The Captain emerges. Civilian clad, he calls himself SANDY.

Ortiz intercepts him and they exchange a few brief words that can't be heard -- engine NOISE. They move off in different directions.

TRACKING with Sandy, he's rejoined by Ortiz, carrying one of the smaller crates from the plane. Sandy takes it and walks past the cargo area toward the truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From Sandy's POV, we see the plane's cargo boxes being moved towards the truck and vice versa.

ON Sandy, closing on the truck, crate in hand. It's heavy.

Sandy's POV. Ortiz stopping a larger crate from the truck's cargo. Stops it before it gets plane loaded, pries the top off with a tire iron. Ortiz reaches down, a beat, then hauls out a large grease paper wrapped object. He pulls the paper off to reveal a sparkling, government issue, M-203, combination 40mm grenade launcher M16. Checks the chamber, holds it up to his shoulder, replaces it back into the box. It's quickly loaded aboard the plane.

ANGLE on Sandy. He approaches the truck and stops. He spots something and sets the crate down.

ANGLE on the jungle. Dust flies as a four door sedan emerges from the dirt road. It approaches and pulls up directly next to Sandy at the rear of the truck.

ANGLE on the sedan, as the rear door opens. A man exits in casual dress, sunglasses. We've seen him before. It's Major Burke. Sandy approaches and shakes hands.

Sandy motions Burke to follow him over to the small crate on the asphalt. Sandy takes a large screwdriver and pries the box open. Burke kneels down, shoves his hand into the crate.

BACK on Burke bringing his hand to his face. It's white. He tastes it and smiles. Sandy gives the thumbs up sign then re-secures the lid. He says goodbye to Burke, lifts the box and heads back toward the plane. The plane's engines REV as it prepares for take off.

TIGHT on Burke, climbing back into the sedan, door shut. SLOW PULL AWAY.

ANGLE on the UPS truck heading back into the jungle, and gone!

LOW ANGLE on the plane as it takes off directly over our manhole POV, Captain Sandy at the helm. We FOLLOW it until it starts to disappear toward its destination.

ANGLE on the sedan, approaching an exit off the dirt road. We clearly see this is a BINOCULAR POV, following the car until it is gone.

PAN UP to the sky as the cargo plane takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

ANGLE on a RINGING phone. A hand grabs it. The phone is pulled behind a large brown leather chair -- its back to us.

VOICE
Yeah.

VOICE (V.O.)
Mission complete, sir. Talk again live at Command.

VOICE
Tell your people -- good work.

VOICE (V.O.)
Roger that, sir. Out.

CLICK. A hand reaches out, places the receiver back into its holder.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY

The DC-3 drifting off and over the horizon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A DC-10 cruises in, and touches down for a smooth landing.

CUT TO:

INT. DELTA TERMINAL, GATE 42B - NIGHT

Buzz is seated next to the gate, reading a Penthouse. He checks his watch and looks up. The plane is late, as usual. He takes out his wallet and removes a small snapshot -- studies it.

CLOSEUP photo. A young man, early twenties, boyish good looks, a slight resemblance to Buzz. Buzz flips the picture over and written on the back we see, "Dog Brothers" signed Matt.

The airport P.A. announces:

P.A.
Flight 264 from Los Angeles has arrived. Please meet your parties at Gate 42B.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE on Buzz, putting the photograph away. He rises, watching the gate.

ANGLE on 42B. The doors open, several passengers mill by. Buzz carefully scans the various faces. No sign.

CLOSEUP doorway, as a young man steps out. The boy in the picture. It's MATT.

CLOSEUP on Buzz as he spots him. Tense for a moment -- he approaches him.

BUZZ
(walking up)
Welcome home, Matt!

Matt looks up. It registers.

MATT
Buzzie... you dog!

They embrace, then pull away studying each other, unaware of the crowd passing by.

BUZZ
Looking good as usual.

MATT
Well, a good fiber diet can help even the sorriest asses.

Buzz rolls his eyes, takes his shoulder bag from him.

BUZZ
What say we grab your bags and head out for a cold one?

MATT
You read my mind... This place is looking more familiar by the minute.

They exit.

CUT TO:

INT. BUZZ'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Keys JINGLE, the door swings inward. Buzz steps in first, then Matt. Matt shuts the door behind him, sets his bags down, and scans the apartment. Above the stove rests a "happy family" portrait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
So, better gnomes and garbage, or what?

Buzz crosses to the fridge.

BUZZ
Well, it's all I can afford right now.

He grabs two Coronas from the fridge.

BUZZ
'Sides, it came with a fridge full of beer... and the roaches were trained.

He hands Matt a brew.

MATT
(looking around)
I don't know, Buzz. Sometimes I gotta wonder what keeps you down here. This part of the country.

BUZZ
Well, friend. I sometimes wonder what drove you away.

MATT
Talk to Mom about that one.

They share a look; some form of tainted parental history.

BUZZ
How is she?

MATT
Why don't you give her a call and find out.

Matt sits down at the coffee table in the half kitchen.

BUZZ
Hey, don't start, alright?

MATT
Alright, alright. I just know she'd love to hear from you occasionally. That's all.

Buzz joins him at the table. They reflect and drink. Matt quickly changes the subject.

CONTINUED:

MATT
Hey, do you remember that old Collins Ave. street sign you used to have hanging above your bed?

Buzz cracks a smile, thinks back.

BUZZ
How could I forget? Dean Foster put a twelve gauge hole in that bastard so big you could drive a truck through it.

Matt remembers the hole very well.

MATT
Right, right. Well, it turns out that Dean Foster is facing five to ten on a weapons charge.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The kitchen windows SHATTER, as buckshot tears through them.

BUZZ
Down!!!

He tackles Matt, pushing him to the ground. BOOM! Another SHOT rips off, as the front door splits in half.

MATT
What the fuck!!! What the fuck!!!

BUZZ
Just keep your fuckin' head down!

BOOM! The window above the fridge EXPLODES, turning a loaf of bread into confetti. The boys huddle as low as they can.

MATT
Lovely neighborhood you have here, Buzz!

BUZZ
I lost a little wager recently!

BOOM! Another BLAST, and a wall's blown inward.

BUZZ
And I think this is them, telling me they're pissed off!!

BOOM. An iron flying pan PINGS as it's blown off the range.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
What the fuck were you betting on?!!!

A CRASH is heard, not a gun shot, as an object flies through the last remaining kitchen window. O.S. TIRES peeling out.

ANGLE on the object. A brick with a note attached.

BUZZ
Cockfights!

Buzz, hearing the TRUCK pull away, quickly belly crawls across the floor, past Matt.

MATT
What??? What are you saying??!!

Matt stops at the shattered door, slowly raises up to look out through a blast hole.

BUZZ
I'm sayin' that I lost my ass in a not-so-friendly local cockfight.

Buzz's POV. A dented, familiar looking pickup truck speeds off into the darkness.

MATT
Okay, okay. I come to town to spend some time with my brother... whom I haven't seen for four years...

BUZZ
Three and a half...

Buzz reaches out and grabs the brick.

MATT
I wind up getting shot at, by God knows who...

Buzz peels the note off the brick and starts to read it.

MATT
... risking my goddamn life, all because you had to lose some money on... a fuckin chicken?!!

BUZZ
Roosters!

CONTINUED:

Buzz raises to his knees, duck walking back past Matt. He drops the note in his lap -- goes to the fridge. Matt watches dumbfounded.

MATT
(reading the note)
Don't tease the cock, unless you're willing to fuck it. Signed, One Eye Jack, $2,000 -- Oh sure, yeah. This makes the whole thing crystal clear, I'm not confused.

Buzz crawls back with two fresh Coronas -- hands one to Matt. They share a look.

MATT
(drinks)
Buzz, please fill me in. I'd really like to know what the hell you're up to.

Finally Buzz speaks.

BUZZ
Hey, a man's gotta do...

MATT
(cutting him off)
I know. I know.

MATT/BUZZ
(in unison)
What a man's gotta do.

Matt's hands are still shaking as they drink.

MATT
So what now, Hercules?

A long beat.

BUZZ
(grinning)
Looks like we're goin' fishin'.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN/KEYS - DAY

It's roughly 6:00 a.m. The calm waters part as an early morning boat cuts INTO FRAME. Our boys, Matt at the helm of the sixteen foot Mako "Battleship" we saw earlier. Shades on, smoking a cigarette, enjoying the ride. At the rear of the vessel sits Matt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A little cold, a little tired, and definitely a little confused.

Buzz glances back at his bro, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small packet. He tosses it to Matt. Matt snatches it out of the air and checks it out. It's an Alka-Seltzer pack. He drops it, then joins Buzz at the helm.

MATT
I really don't think that'll do much good right now.

BUZZ
It couldn't hurt. Them things make seagulls explode.

MATT
Great! Where are we goin'?

BUZZ
We're headin' down about two miles. Just off the coast of No-Name Key. A quiet little place.

MATT
And what then? You gonna send me ashore to check out the ol' CIA-Contra training grounds?

Buzz looks over at him.

BUZZ
(smiling)
So, we know more about this than we let on. Been doin' your homework, pal?

MATT
We can talk about history later. Right now, I'd like to know why my jet-lagged ass was hauled from bed, thrown on this "Battleship" and taken out to sea. Can you provide some type of an answer for me, Buzz?

BUZZ
I'm in the shit, bro. I got a few debts. I need cash, and the clock is ticking.

MATT

What exactly are you talking about?

BUZZ
Welcome to your first Big Hunt.

MATT
My first what?

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

ANGLE on Buoy #1. PAN UP to reveal Battleship approaching with the boys on board. The engines idle, Buzz wears thick gloves. He leans over the side of the boat, furiously pulling in a rope.

MATT
So, you're basically telling me that without this cash, you're either gonna be a father, or dead, or both.

Buzz still struggles with the rope.

BUZZ
You got that right. Don't worry, lobsters translate to a lotta dinero.

MATT
I sure hope you know what you're doing.

ANGLE on the water. Attached to the end of the rope is a three foot crate.

BUZZ
Grab the boat hook, will ya, Matt?

Matt locates the hook and skillfully hands it over to buzz. Buzz secures the hook into the crate and drags it toward the boat. Then he grabs the crate, and with one forceful move, lifts it from the water into the boat. Matt's impressed.

MATT
Looks like we've done this a few times before.

Buzz opens the top of the crate -- looks in.

BUZZ
Pay day!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches in and pulls out a large twitching lobster. He laughs as he addresses the "bug."

BUZZ
You're gonna make life a little easier, pal.

MATT
Great! You've been saved by a crustacean.

BUZZ
Grab that bag, Matt.

Matt reaches down and picks up a mid-size canvas lobster bag. He hands it to Buzz. Buzz rejects it.

BUZZ
No, dude. Just hold it open for a second.

MATT
If one of the bastards bites me, you're gonna rot in hell.

BUZZ
These bugs don't have claws, asshole.

Buzz lifts the crate up, it's heavy, and dumps all the lobsters into the sack. About a dozen fall in. One misses the bag, hitting Matt on the foot. He jumps.

MATT
He bit me!

BUZZ
You're such a hard-on, sometimes.

Buzz reaches down to pick up the loose lobster.

MATT
Hey, Buzz. I'm just curious. Who's traps are these, anyway?

Buzz rises back, lobster in hand.

BUZZ
One Eyed Jack's.

Buzz drops the lobster in the back. Matt lets the bag drop to the deck.

MATT
Are you fuckin' kidding me?

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

MONTAGE. Jimmy Buffet's "LET'S GET DRUNK AND SCREW" cuts in.

A slow SERIES OF DISSOLVES takes us through Buoys #2, #3, and #4. VARIOUS SHOTS of the boys in action. Buzz hauling up the crates. Matt using the boat hook. Lobster after lobster being thrown into the bag, until it strains to hold its contents. This action moves right into Buoy #5. Buzz is leaning over the side, pulling up the rope.

MATT
(patting the squirming bag)
Sucker's gettin' kinda full, Buzz. Maybe we should think about headin' in.

BUZZ
(straining)
The bag can never be too full, Matt. Shit, this one's heavy as hell!

Matt comes over to him with the boat hook, ready to grab it as soon as it clears the surface.

MATT
This could be the jackpot, bro.

A SPLASH, as the trap breaks the surface of the water.

BUZZ
C'mon, babies, come to daddy.

Matt leans over with the boat hook, snags it, Buzz reaches out to secure it.

BUZZ
That's it, that's it...

CLOSEUP on Buzz's face. His eyes widen.

BUZZ
Bomb!!!!!

In one fluid motion, he lets go of the line, throws Matt to the deck and slams the throttle forward. A ROAR is heard as the engine screams to life, heading away from Buoy #5, as...

BA-BOOM, the ocean erupts. A massive water blast, as the trap charges goes off, raining water down on the boys, narrowly missing disaster.

EXT. BATTLESHIP - DAY

The boat slices through the water, Buzz at the helm. Matt sits next to him, a bit shaken by the blast.

BUZZ
I guess I forgot to warn you about the occasional booby traps these farmers set for poachers.

MATT
Yeah, I guess so. We're heading home, right?

BUZZ
Unless you got any better ideas.

Buzz seems focused, suddenly all business.

MATT
I'm just a little nervous, that's all.

BUZZ
Happens to the best of us, I suppose.

Suddenly Buzz spots something. His head whips around -- he slows the boat.

BUZZ
Well, it looks like something just happened to the best of us.

ANGLE on a red buoy -- larger -- a small red flag on top of it.

MATT
Are you crazy, Buzz?

BUZZ
Only if tried by a jury of my peers.

Buzz pulls alongside of Buoy #6, and cuts the engine. Buzz is preparing for a heist.

MATT
Uh, excuse me, Captain. In case you didn't notice, an explosion the size of Los Angeles just rocked the entire western hemisphere... Not to be the voice of reality here, but I think it's time to call it a day.

Buzz, gloves on, leans over the side toward the buoy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
Pretty exciting stuff, eh?

Buzz grabs the line -- begins to pull it in.

MATT
Pardon me. Exciting? Have you thought of the mere possibility, that just maybe the owner of these traps may have heard that blast? Not to mention the fact that we could have lost our faces.

BUZZ
Sound only travels as far as the well-trained ear can hear. Besides, this trap has a reputation.

Most of the line is still underwater. Buzz is having an exceptionally hard time hauling it in.

MATT
A rep for what? Being a plastique motherlode?

BUZZ
Rumor has it, that this area is military owned. All the lobsters pulled up here usually wind up in the belly of some overweight brass.

MATT
So why the attraction? You trying to borrow Dad's lunch?

BUZZ
Naw, just cook it for him.

MATT
Okay, just promise me one thing. When you get those critters on board, that's it!! We stop. We get off the water for awhile. We just slow down, okay?

Buzz's struggle is paying off, as most of the rope is hauled in. His sweating increases.

BUZZ
(tight)
You got it, Matt. You most certainly got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few more yanks, and the trap comes to the surface. But something's strange. There's a small two to three foot tubular shaped object protruding from the side of the trap.

ANGLE on the boys, as they each spot the object. Matt flips.

MATT
Bomb!!!

He hits the deck, arms clamped over his head. Buzz merely glances back at him -- shakes his head.

BUZZ
Yo, Spiderman. It's safe to come out now.

ANGLE on Matt, slowly peering up.

MATT
What the hell is that thing?

BUZZ
One way to find out.

The boat hook clamps on, and Buzz brings it closer. Matt rises slowly, still not sure. Buzz strains, yet manages to haul the cargo on board. Trap, cylindrical object.

MATT
Buzz, if that thing turns out to be a bom, we can put our heads between our legs and kiss our asses goodbye.

Buzz kneels down and begins to remove the object from the trap.

BUZZ
Well, I'm here to tell ya, this ain't no explosive device.

He pulls it free. It's an aluminum canister, top sealed, air tight.

MATT
How the hell do you know?

BUZZ
If it was, we'd be dead already.

Buzz rolls the canister over, studying it curiously. Matt also becomes curious and leans in close.

CONTINUED: x

MATT
Buzz, you're forgetting something?

He motions to the trap. Buzz reacts.

BUZZ
Right. Grab the bug bag. We'll get the critters and worry about this later.

Matt grabs the now heavy lobster bag and drags it to Buzz's side.

MATT
Let's just make this quick, alright?

Buzz reaches down and opens the trap. ANGLE on box, empty, no lobsters.

BUZZ
Well, I'll be a...

BOOM!!!!! The water directly next to the boat explodes, spraying the boys. A second shot rips into the ocean.

BUZZ
Oh shit!!

Matt grabs Buzz by the collar and pulls him down on top of him, nose to nose.

MATT
What was that!!!

BUZZ
Shotgun blast!!

ANGLE on the water. Two twenty-five foot outboard fishing boats bear down full speed. No faces can be seen, only shapes -- two men aboard each boat, weapons held -- ready.

Back on board "Battleship," Buzz flips Matt off him and dives across the deck toward a small compartment door.

BUZZ
Don't move!!

MATT
Where the hell am I gonna go???

CONTINUED:

Buzz whips open the door of a small compartment. He grabs two smoke grenades. He yanks the pin on one, the wood next to him EXPLODES next to his head as buckshot hits the side of the boat. As he dives for the throttle, he yanks the second one with his teeth, and tosses it.

ANGLE on the approaching boats, no more than 100 yards away, and closing. The grenades EXPLODE in a rush of smoke, directly in front of them. In a matter of seconds, a thick green cloud has formed.

ON Buzz, as he frantically tries to start the engine. Turning over and over again, not quite catching.

BUZZ
Oh, fuck me!!!

He keeps hitting the ignition button, nothing.

BUZZ
No, no, no. Goddam it, not now. Not here!!!!

MATT
(still on his belly)
What's wrong!! Damn it, Buzz! Start the engine!!

BUZZ
I got no juice! I got no fucking juice!!

ANGLE on the dark smoke cloud -- very thick, hiding the the two boats, yet their engines are still audible.

On Buzz back at the engine, frantically trying to fix something. Matt crosses over to him.

MATT
Oh, god, this is so fuckin' scary. We're gonna die. Holy shit, we're gonna die, Buzz!!

Matt is clearly in a panic, his voice and body shaking. Buzz stops his work, realizing it's no use. For the first time we see a cold shade of fear sweep across his face.

BUZZ
Shut up!! Will you shut up and give me a hand here!!

Buzz reaches down under the rear seat and pulls out a stick of dynamite... but where are the matches.

CONTINUED:

MATT
And do what?? Huh, you tell me, and do what?

Matt is in no shape to help, frozen stiff as a board. Buzz pulls off his tennis shoe and shakes it violently. A matchbook falls out. He reaches for it, when...

BOOM!! BOOM!! Two more shots ring out and the back of the seat, just above Matt's head EXPLODES. The second blast has left a gaping hole in the hull, ocean pouring in.

ANGLE on the smoke, clearing just enough to see the two boats slowly passing through it.

Buzz throws a look toward the hole.

Buzz' POV, as he sees the dynamite floating in the rushing water, soaked. He grabs it. No good, too wet.

Another ANGLE tighter on boat #1 slowly cruising in. PAN UP the stern to legs, belly, 870 shotgun barrel, and a smiling face with stained teeth and Jack Daniels hat above an eye patch.

It's One Eyed Jack with a large black bruise centered on his forehead.

BUZZ
(to himself)
Wouldn't ya fuckin' know it...

CLOSEUP Jack, recognition hitting him.

JACK
It's Peckerwood!!
(then to himself)
Hello again, Sunshine...

ANGLE on the two boats, now alongside the "Battleship." Jack holds his arm up, and whistles.

JACK
Hold your fire, Men! This could be fun!!

Angle on Boat #2, both redneck types, take their shotguns off their shoulders, eyes full of hate.

ON Buzz, staring right at Jack, not twenty feet from him.

BUZZ
Matt, we've got company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt slowly rises, spots Jack, and swallows hard, he's heard the description.

MATT
(to Buzz)
Don't tell me. One Eyed Jack.

BUZZ
In the flesh!

Neither boy moves as Jack sets his weapon down and begins unbuttoning his shirt.

JACK
Well, if it ain't my favorite cock tease!

BUZZ
Ya know, Jack, we've gotta stop meeting like this.

Jack removes his shirt completely, exposing a massively hairy, sweating chest.

JACK
(spots Matt)
Who's yer cute friend?

ANGLE on the faces of Jack's men, definitely amused and interested.

ON Jack.

JACK
Looks like he's got a real perty mouth.

CLOSEUP on Matt, jaw hanging, then slamming shut, eyes bulging.

BUZZ
He's mine, Jack. No two ways about it. Now I know this looks pretty bad, but really, I can explain.

JACK
Shuddup, Boy. I'll tell ya what.

He reaches for his belt and begins to undo it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
We're gonna take back our bugs, then you and yer cute little friend are gonna give me and my boys some nuggie... And if we're feelin' real good after, we'll drive away.

Jack throws a wink to his men and finishes opening his belt. Then slowly begins to slide his zipper open. Matt and Buzz share a look.

JACK
Or, I'll kill ya both and feed yer bodies to my dawg.

Matt is horror stricken, Buzz undaunted. His level of courage in the face of death is quite admirable.

JACK
So... what's your call, Gamblin' Man?

A long beat.

BUZZ
(cold)
Fuck you, Jack!

Jack picks up his twelve gauge, and brings it to his shoulder. The other three men do the same.

JACK
Have it your way, boy.

SHICK! SHACK! Chambering a round, finger on trigger.

BUZZ
I love you, Matt.

MATT
So do I.

CLOSEUP on Jack's finger squeezing slowly, harder, until CLICK. Buzz and Matt's eyes shoot open.

Jack looks at the weapon, ejects the shell, rechambers, and raises it again.

JACK
I hope they have cockfights in heaven, boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Sudden O.S. machine gun FIRE tears into and through Jack's body. His face registers surprise, as he rag dolls into an exploding shower of teeth and hair.

The machine gun FIRE CONTINUES, tracing the side of the boat, several rounds hitting Jack's driver. The rounds pick him up and knock him into the water like an anvil.

ANGLE on the "Battleship," as Matt and Buzz dive for what little cover remains in the half sunk boat.

SWISH PAN to a thirty-two foot cigarette speedboat, bearing down, as the twin fifty caliber guns up top, SPIT FIRE and belt fed death. The driver's face is mostly hidden behind the weapon.

ANGLE on Boat #2 "Gauntlet" -- style -- destruction, as hundreds of rounds assault the helpless vessel. Both men are ripped into EXPLOSIONS of bone mist. Their corpses are momentarily kept afoot, dancing as each round impacts. Then, they crumble in two heaps on the deck.

As quickly as it came, the gunfire stops.

TIGHT on Matt and Buzz, not a scratch. They watch in awe, as the cigarette speeds right past them, and disappears through the smoke now pouring from a fire aboard Boat #1.

Only the transom of the cigarette is seen as it speeds away. It reads "Islamorada."

BUZZ
I don't believe it.

MATT
What??!!

BUZZ
(watching the cig speed off)
Fucking drug dealer.

MATT
Oh, this is so fuckin' bad. Buzz, I can't believe..

Buzz whirls on him.

BUZZ
Shut up! Where's the canister??

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
The what?

BUZZ
The goddam cannister I hauled from the trap!

Matt's eyes, numb, unfocused.

MATT
Probably with the lobsters.

ON Buzz. "The lobsters." He scans the water near the boat.

BUZZ
Oh man, oh man, I need this like I need another dick!

He pauses -- spots something. A crazed smirk cracks.

BUZZ
Man overboard, Matt!

He dives in.

MATT
Hey, hey. Don't you leave me here, Buzz. You hear me!!

ANGLE on Buzz swimming about ten feet from the boat, right up to the canvas bag, sinking fast. He grabs it just before it submerges.

BUZZ
Gotcha!

TIGHT on Matt, watching Buzz swim back with the lobsters. He can't believe his eyes. The priorities here are a bit benign.

MATT
We're sinking fast, Buzz!

ON Buzz, back at the boat. Only the bow sticks out of the ocean. Both boys are now in the water.

BUZZ
What was your first clue?

And the boat is gone. A few GURGLES, a HISS, SILENCE.

MATT
(treading water)
Okay, Ishmael, what now?

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
We swim back.

MATT
To shore?

BUZZ
No, to L.A.

HIGH ANGLE on the sea, both boys swimming off, Buzz with the lobsters, Matt with a lot of questions. Jack's boats #1 and #2 are sinking fast as well. The boys' voices are heard over this.

MATT
Any sharks in these waters?

BUZZ
All kinds, my friend, all kinds.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUD & MARY'S BAR & GRILL - DUSK

A classic old fisherman's hangout. Wooden structure, open air, screen doors. It sits off of Mile Marker 21, in the heart of Islamorada. A neon sign on the roof flashes "Bud & Mary's, Good Food, Good Times." Jimmy Buffet's "A Pirate Looks At Forty" is HEARD, as an old man with a fishing rig walks past Buz's Jeep and CLEARS FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. BUD & MARY'S

The smell of fresh oysters and gutted snapper fill the air. At a table near the back, our two heroes are seated. The setting sun casts streams of apocalyptic orange rays through the window and onto their expressionless faces. A half empty bottle of Jack Daniels sits between them on the table.

Buzz is counting off the last few twenties from a wad he has in his hands.

BUFFET (JUKEBOX)
... I've made enough money to buy Miami, but I pissed it away so fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
Close to five hundred, Matt. And I don't foresee One Eyed Jack "surfacing," to collect a single red cent of it.

He looks up at Matt, who's smoking a shaking cigarette for the first time, motionless, numb, mind racing. The images of recent mayhem still fresh in his mind. He's obviously seen too much in his first full day back "home." He raises a shot to his mouth, downs it. It goes down like water.

MATT
(staring off)
Gotta make a coupla phone calls, get back to your pad, pack up, and get the hell outta here...

Buzz hears this and looks up. A long beat.

BUZZ
(points)
Excuse me? Matt, hand me that spoon. I need to scoop some of the wax out of my ears. I could have sworn you just said, you wanted to get the hell out of here.

MATT
You don't need to scoop shit, Buzz. You heard me. My life's worth a little more to me. I can't deal with you puttin' it on the line.

BUZZ
Me? Oh, sure, lay the whole adventure off on me. I'm to blame, is that it?

Matt finally looks at him, emotions ready to crack.

MATT
Yeah, that's it. Look Buzz, I show up here to get a break from Mom, who happens to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown, in case you were wondering; and in the course of twenty-four hours, I get shot at twice, escape a near explosive death, come face to face with the fucking devil himself, who happens to be an ass pirate...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT (CON'T)
... a machine gun wielding drug dealer comes out of the mist to play White Knight as our Goddam boat sinks. I almost drown while swimming two miles back to shore. All because you wanted to quote, "take me on my first bug hunt." I'm afraid, dear brother, that yes, you ARE responsible!! -- And I'm getting the fuck outta here!!

BUZZ
Hey, I never said it would be a walk in the park.

Buzz pours a drink.

MATT
No, you didn't. But I'm afraid, seeing I forgot my bulletproof vest, that your warped lifestyle down here is a bit much for this conservative L.A. boy to handle.

Buzz raises a fresh shot.

BUZZ
Welcome to Islamorada, bro'.

MATT
Well, it's all yours, Buzz. I'm gone. You can keep this frontier zone.

He rises wobbly, and starts to head off.

BUZZ
Hey, hey!

Buzz watches him go. Decides to go after him, and bolts from the table.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUD AND MARY'S - NIGHT

The front screen door flies open. Matt stumbles out, heads down the narrow wooden steps. A few beats later, Buzz comes flying out. Their FOOTSTEPS on gravel, cut through the silent night air. TRACKING with Matt as Buzz approaches from the rear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
So what now, Matt? Gonna go back back to La La land, so you can pick avocados, eat fresh sushi, and attend group therapy? Is that what you're lookin' for? Huh?

MATT
(not looking at him)
It's a bit safer back there, Buzz.

Still walking.

BUZZ
Safer?? Of course it's safer. But when the hell are you gonna realize that life's too short, Matt! The time is now!

MATT
You're right, and now is when I gotta go home. You're a salty cowboy, Buzz, but the west was won a long time ago.

BUZZ
Okay, Mr. Business School Fuck! Go home. Go home and keep doing the useless things that you think are gonna make Mom proud. And so ends the tale of the Dog Brother turned pussy.

On this Matt stops, whirls on Buzz and "CRACK," crops him with a solidly connecting right cross. Buzz hits the ground, shocked. Matt stands over him.

TIGHT on Matt, his face contorting. Tears stream slowly down his face, as it's apparent that he feels pretty rotten about all this.

ANGLE on Buzz. He touches his lip, looks at the blood. A moment between them.

BUZZ
Ow. That hurt, dude.

MATT
(feeling his brother's pain; eyes saddened)
I'm sorry, Buzz. I guess I can't force any realization on you. I just wish, for your sake, you'd take some time out and look into a mirror for a few minutes.

CONTINUED:

ON Buzz, still on the ground.

BUZZ
I'm looking for Matt, I'm looking real hard.

MATT
You see anything?

A pregnant pause. Buzz -- a genuine grin crosses his lips.

BUZZ
Yeah, I see you.

This registers on Matt's face. He reaches out, offers his hand. Buzz takes it and is pulled to his feet. They stand there looking into one another's souls.

BUZZ
I think there's something we should take a look at. Something I'm really, really curious about.

MATT
Besides your lip?

BUZZ
Yeah. I wanna go back -- check out what we found.

MATT
What do you mean?

BUZZ
That canister. I think there's more. I think there could be a lot more.

Matt doesn't want to hear this, sensing danger, something.

MATT
Buzz, I been through enough shit in the past day to last me a lifetime. I don't wanna get involved.

BUZZ
It's too late.

MATT
Why?

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
You're already involved.

CLOSEUP - Matt. He knows Buzz is right. Emotions split.

MATT
I don't want to die young, Buzz.

BUZZ
Can't live forever, bro.

MATT
Don't want to.

They embrace tightly. For the first time we sense a bond, partners in crime/life. They separate.

BUZZ
I can't do this alone, Matt. I need you. 'Sides, you still got a lotta vacation time left.

MATT
Oh yeah, some fuckin' vacation.

BUZZ
So, what do ya say?

A pause, then Buzz smiles.

MATT
Alright, Buzz. You got me.

They turn and start back to the Jeep, in front of Bud and Mary's. TRACKING with them, they arrive at the rusted vehicle.

BUZZ
Ever scuba'd before?

Matt looks at him.

MATT
Ever what?

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

ANGLE on bubbles surfacing. A black figure is seen roughly ten feet below the surface. We sense it coming closer as it gets larger. Finally, it breaks the surface. A DIVER. He pulls the regulator from his mouth and yanks his mask off. Young man, early twenties, short blond hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIVER
Nothing, sir. Nothing at all.

ANGLE on the boat he's addressing. It's a 36' Marine Cat offshore racer, repainted, confiscated. Four men are on board. Two at the bow, one at the stern, another on the radio. An older MAN steps forward.

MAN
Alright, let's pack it in. Luke, get on the horn. Report to Six, no findings. Check our status.

The crewman on the radio hears this and punches in the number.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSEUP on a RINGING phone. A SLOW PULL BACK begins. A hand grabs the receiver OUT OF FRAME. Still pulling back, arm, shoulder, head, finally face. Major Burke, on the phone.

BURKE
Negative that, hotel seven... Alright... continue to scan the area, and report again later.

He hangs up the phone. There's enough military paraphernalia in here to choke a General. It's obviously his office at Homestead AFB.

He reaches back down and grabs the phone. He dials a number and waits.

BURKE
(into phone)
Sir, negative reports of any findings, as yet. Hotel Seven will update their situation report shortly.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

It's a SHOT we've seen before. A large leather chair, back to us, the telephone cord stretching from the desk around to the hidden front of the chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE
It's a shame, Sam. All that wealth sittin' on the ocean floor. It's really a shame.

BURKE (O.S.)
Roger that, sir.

VOICE
There's gonna be a few wacked out mermaids down there. I guarantee that.

CUT TO:

INT. BUZZ'S APARTMENT - DAY

Buzz is at the sink, brushing his teeth, foaming at the mouth -- a rabid dog. He finishes and gargles.

BUZZ
Ahhh, much better.
(calls out)
Yo, Matt, you about set?

MATT (O.S.)
I think so.

BUZZ
Ready when you are, sport!

ANGLE on the bathroom doorway. Matt steps out, wet suit, slippers, tank, regulator dangling from his mouth, mask covered eyes. A scuba clinic.

MATT
Alright, where we goin'?

BUZZ
Well, it's real close by. The water's pretty warm and it's not very deep.

MATT
Sounds perfect.

SWISH PAN to Buzz reaching down. He turns the bathtub nozzle.

ANGLE on the faucet. A beat. A few GURGLES and then water, brown, rusty, egg smelling.

BUZZ
Jump in, frogman!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
You got to be kidding me.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

It's early morning as the sun peaks out from behind a freshly revealed horizon. An eight foot outboard, Boston Whaler sits atop the water. Spray-painted on the side we read: "BATTLESHIP II." Next to it, a red marker buoy, marker #6. Next to that, our boys, heads above water, full scuba gear, ready to go down.

MATT
Buzz, I got a question.

BUZZ
Shoot.

MATT
Where'd ya ever get this boat?

BUZZ
Ah, from some punk who tried to sell me back my own bugs.

MATT
What'd ya do?

BUZZ
I bought 'em... Okay now, just remember, if you have a problem of any kind, air, cramps, regulator hose, whatever, give me this sign.

Buzz holds a fist up, and then blossoms all five fingers, an open hand.

MATT
Okay, sounds like you got me covered.

BUZZ
Like a starfish on a clam. Man... you set?

Matt makes a minor fin adjustment.

MATT
Yeah. Hey, Buzz, I just have one more question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
(irritated)
What?

MATT
If, for some reason, I don't make it back from this one alive... what would you tell Mom and Dad?

Matt starts to put his regulator in his mouth.

BUZZ
I'd tell 'em that you were one salty fuckin' cowboy, dude.

Buzz puts his regulator in his own mouth.

MATT
That's what I was afraid of.

Matt secures his mouth around his own regulator. On Buzz's cue, they take three deep breaths and submerge, LEAVING OUR FRAME.

CUT TO:

UNDER THE SURFACE - OCEAN - DAY

Swimming side by side at a good pace, our boys, bubbles trailing behind them. It appears that Buzz is the tour guide as he hand signals occasionally to Matt, indicating which direction to go. TRACKING with them, their path takes us to a familiar spot. Yet we've only seen it from above the surface before this. Buoy #6. Matt appears to have really done his homework, diving deeper, next to Buzz. Their destination takes us roughly twenty-five feet to the bottom.

CLOSE on Buzz, head scanning the area.

CLOSE on Matt, more concerned about his air than their quest. His head shifts occasionally.

ON Buzz, slowing to a halt. He's spotted something. Quickly he gets Matt's attention, pointing. Matt sees it and freezes.

ANGLE, their POV. A canister, bearing an exact resemblance to the one that they hauled on board the "Battleship" previously. As the SHOT TILTS, we see more. About four hundred more! All the canisters are laying peacefully along the ocean floor, shifting ever so slightly with an occasional underwater current.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE on the boys, eyes widening, mouths open (if they could be), wetsuits full of urine. Buzz turns to Matt and motions them on.

As Buzz reaches down to grab a canister...

CUT TO:

INT. BUZZ'S APARTMENT - DUSK

The canister is cautiously set INTO FRAME. PULL BACK to see Buzz and Matt staring at it. A SONG kicks in as we see a rough repair job has been done on the apartment. Duck tape covers several shotgun holes.

MONTAGE

A SERIES OF CUTS AND DISSOLVES takes us through the following actions.

Buzz scraping off enough salt buildup to see a marking on the side of the canister. It reads CNS-143.

Buzz and Matt, books open, thinking caps on, a research project in hot progress.

The canister is between them at all times. Matt paces, Buzz tries to focus. Based on the behavior, it's obvious they're less than successful in their quest for canister knowledge.

The SONG ENDS. Matt looks up from his book.

MATT
This is useless. You can't find shit, I can't find shit about this thing, we couldn't even find shit if we looked into the belly of a well-fed constipated fat man.

BUZZ
Not true. Now we do know one thing about it, right?

MATT
What's that?

BUZZ
We know that it's military.

MATT
So, where does that take us? Huh, Buzz?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT (CONT'D)
We're sitting here with an object that, for all we know, could explode and kill us both. Or, as you say, could make us rich. Now, I really don't know what to think.

BUZZ
I think I have just the man to talk to -- this one's on me.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

An office we've seen before. It's also a chair we've seen before. Large, brown leather. A militarily dressed Latin man stands in front of the chair, its back to us. From the amount of medals on his chest, it's apparent that he's an officer in his country. His name is GENERAL AMBIERTO.

AMBIERTO
(thick accent)
Now, senor, we can sit there talking business until we're both green in the face, but I know that neither one of us wants that. And I know too, that I cannot stand here listening to stories about lost shipments or congressional errors for more than ten minutes before I want to vomit. So, I think we should reach some form of agreement.

The chair hasn't moved, the back still to us.

VOICE
An arrangement, General Ambierto? You mean the type of decision that pleases both sides, somewhat similar to the "agreement" our governments have. Our consent to fund the anti-communism spread in your country through financial barbituated weaponry donations that keep your troops alive in the field, and all we ask in return, is that you help keep the Soviets out of your backyard? Is that the type of agreement we're talking about, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ambierto shifts uncomfortably, then walks over to the coffee pot and pours some.

AMBIERTO
It's very important to me that certain bills are paid. With the absence of these variables, it makes it very tough for our men to overcome their opposition.

VOICE
It makes it tough for our men as well, Colonel. My hands are tied. Congress has a belt strap around them, so tight, I wince every time that red phone rings.

AMBIERTO
I understand, senor. All I'm saying is that, if in fact this type of business reoccurs, it's going to be a lot easier than you think to grant the Soviets refuge in "your" backyard.

An intercom NOISE is heard, and a hand reaches out to press the button.

VOICE
What is it?

INTERCOM (V.O.)
You have two visitors, sir.

VOICE
Who?

INTERCOM (V.O.)
They say they're your sons.

A beat. Ambierto throws him a look.

VOICE
Alright, I'll see them in five.

Ambierto extends a hand. It's greeted by another. The figure rises from the large leather chair to escort Ambierto to the door. Uniform creased, medals shining, it's Colonel Dawson.

AMBIERTO
May our politics never clash.

CONTINUED:

DAWSON
At least not offensively. We'll be in touch.

Ambierto exits, the door slamming shut behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - LATER (SAME DAY)

Buzz's face, nervous, in mid-speech. Matt sits next to him, in front of their father, who sits tucked into his favorite brown leather chair behind his desk.

BUZZ
So, having seen this object, this canister, we felt it was pretty logical to come to you. See if you could be of any help.

DAWSON
Do we have this object, this canister?

A beat. Matt shifts uncomfortably.

BUZZ
No, we sorta lost it.

DAWSON
Lost it where?

BUZZ
Where we found it.

DAWSON
Which was where?

BUZZ
Hard to say, Dad. We were sort of... drifting that day...

DAWSON
I see. And what did you say that serial number was?

BUZZ
(knows, but fakes searching)
I don't know. I think it was GL4. Five, or six. I could be wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
It was real tough to read, lotta barnacles and stuff.

A moment, while the three study each other.

BUZZ
So, what do you think we should do?

DAWSON
Well, I don't think you, and I do mean both of you, should do anything. I think maybe you stumbled onto a can of propane or an old head tank from a small boat, or something of that nature. Don't lose sleep over this one, boys. The military cleans up these kinds of messes all the time.

BUZZ
Well, if that's what you think, okay. We just wanted a professional opinion, that's all.

DAWSON
I appreciate the consideration.

BUZZ/MATT
(in unison)
Don't mention it.

DAWSON
Also, not to be overlooked. Don't rule out the fact that you could of discovered a bomb.

Matt's eyes widen.

MATT
A bomb?

DAWSON
That's right. The Navy has a lot of unexploded depth charges in these waters. You boys be careful.

The statement kicks in, both boys thinking fast.

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
We will be. Listen, Dad. I think we're gonna head out. Few things to do in town.

DAWSON
(to Matt)
He showing you a good time here, Matt?

The boys share a look. Matt forces a smile.

MATT
It's been kinda boring, actually.

They rise to leave. Dawson rises to join them.

DAWSON
Before you leave, Buzz, I have something for you.

He withdraws a checkbook from his jacket and scribbles the necessary information on it.

DAWSON
(hands the check to Buzz)
Here's the money you asked for last week. Just make sure I get it back, okay?

Buzz hesitates, then takes it from him.

BUZZ
(surprised)
Thanks. Thank you, Dad. You'll get it back, I promise.

DAWSON
And don't forget what I said. You boys stay away from that area. I don't want either one of you in any kind of danger. Hear?

BUZZ
Yes, sir!

MATT
Yes, sir.

DAWSON
See you soon.

BUZZ/MATT
Goodbye, Dad.

CONTINUED:

They exit. Dawson crosses back over to his desk. He grabs the phone and sits down in his chair. He dials and swivels the chair around, its back to us.

DAWSON
This is Dawson. Send in Thorpe and Watkins.

A long beat, Dawson lights up a cigar, thinking. ANGLE on his office door. It swings open and two men step in. The first man, THORPE -- mid to late thirties, large, six two, two hundred twenty pounds, brown hair, and an undisturbed business expression, wearing a two hundred dollar brown suit. Behind him is WATKINS, similar build, blond hair, sunken eyes, thick demeanor. They approach the Colonel's desk.

DAWSON
I need to put a tail on two individuals. They seem to be close to something I need real bad. You'll find stat sheets in the personnel files, preferred that is. Be in touch with Six when you've got something for me.

The men understand.

THORPE
Just how close do you want us to get, sir?

TIGHTER on Dawson. He leans forward.

DAWSON
Scare 'em, if you have to. But, don't kill 'em. You got that?

CUT TO:

INT. DOLL HOUSE - NIGHT

Red and purple incandescent light cascades down on the various occupants in this establishment. Several crowded tables surround the stage where four or five gorgeous girls dance naked. The type of women we purchase magazines to look at. Beyond the tables and the stage sits the bar. Several sexy, scantily-clad cocktail waitresses mill about, keeping this horny crowd adjusted.

At a table towards the back, beyond the second bar, sit Matt and Buzz. It's been a tough coupla days. The boys are relaxing. Drinks poured, spirits high as they take in the wondrous sights.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
(over noise)
I have a theory, Matt. If you live a pretty morally sound life, don't screw anybody over, kinda stay at peace with the world, that kinda shit -- When you die, you come here. "The Doll House," it's perfect.

MATT
Well, if that's true, you better enjoy it while you can. 'Cause your sorry soul, my friend, is reserving itself a front row spot in hell.

BUZZ
Bullshit. Had a long talk with the devil himself the other day.

MATT
What'd he say?

BUZZ
Said he'd already taken yours in place of mine. He likes those pure ones.

MATT
I'll piss in your drink and show you just how pure I am.

A sexy, young, blonde cocktail WAITRESS stops at their table.

WAITRESS
Something to cool ya off, fellas?

BUZZ
(bites the palm of his hand)
Oh, lady, you don't even know!

WAITRESS
I know a lot more than you think, young man.

BUZZ
Young man? I'm old enough to be your pimp.

Matt cuts in.

CONTINUED:

MATT
Two more beers, thanks.

She walks off, Buzz watching her go, drunken desire in his eyes. PAN WITH her as she takes us away from the boys' table, heading towards the bar. ANGLE on a table she walks by, CLEARING FRAME. It's Thorpe and Watkins, suits on, club soda poured. Their eyes trained on the boys' table, observing their good time.

BACK at Buzz and Matt's table. Buzz lights up a smoke.

BUZZ
Very cool of Dad to provide the funds for this decadent evening we're havin' here.

MATT
I must admit, I was a bit surprised myself. Not like him.

Buzz finishes his beer.

BUZZ
I didn't buy his rap about the canister. I think we're onto something a little heavier than we realize.

MATT
I agree, Buzz, I agree. But before we get in over our heads, I think our next move should be to open that fuckin' thing and see exactly what's sittin' back at your apartment.

BUZZ
Do I detect your curiosity to be ascending?

MATT
(glances under table)
What was your first clue? I think that was my foot.

Buzz suddenly spots something, rears up in his chair, doesn't take notice of the Waitress who arrives back with the drinks and sets them down.

WAITRESS
Seven-fifty, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
(not looking at her)
... And a goddess hath returned to grace the planet.

MATT
(hands her a ten)
He just spotted his future ex-wife. Here ya go, thanks.

She walks off, empty tray in hand. ANGLE on the stage as the girl he's spotted, steps onto its wooden floor. Five feet, ten inches of pure woman. Her perfectly heart-shaped ass and supple, tight breasts lead up to a face that holds the features of perfection. Long brown hair, soft lips, high cheekbones, and the sexiest blue eyes. The song changes to Motley Crue's "Girls, Girls, Girls." She begins her dance.

ON Buzz watching her, transfixed.

BUZZ
Lady, I'd drink your bathwater.

Matt also takes notice of the brunette delight.

MATT
(smiles)
I'd eat the peanuts outta her shit.

The boys laugh, Buzz high-fives him.

BUZZ
Just save the corn for me, dude!!!

More laughter. The boys really in high spirits.

CUTTING BACK AND FORTH between the goddess, her dance getting progressively more nude. The boys, drunker by the minute, both completely fixed on this dancing vision of pure desire, Buzz especially.

The song ends. APPLAUSE at a crescendo, she mimes a thank-you, and heads down off the stage towards the rear section. TRACKING WITH her, we INTERCUT. CLOSEUP on Buzz, staring, gazing, visually fucking her brains out. He's in love. ON her through the club passing various tables, all eyes gazing, all heads turning. She arrives at a small table near the rear beyond the second bar in the back. A man is sitting there alone. She joins him.

ON Buzz, still staring at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
Wouldn't you know it. Typical, so goddamn typical.

MATT
Hey, it could be her boss.

BUZZ
(definitely slurred)
Are you kidding me? That guy couldn't own this place if he had all the cocaine in Colombia! He's a loser.

TIGHTER ANGLE on the man with the goddess, medium-length blond hair, mustache, Hawaiian shirt, jeans, gold Rolex, a very casual air about him. There's a sincere level of charm in his demeanor as his gestures capture the girl's attention.

ANGLE on boys' table.

MATT
Now, this assessment wouldn't be based on jealousy, would it, Buzz?

Buzz slams his beer down.

BUZZ
Nah, just honesty.

ANGLE on goddess and man's table. Their conversation ends with a short, yet passionate kiss. She rises and goes. The man sits there alone, sipping his martini.

We PUSH IN on him, SLOW MOTION. INTERCUT between, PUSHING IN on Buzz, SLOW MOTION, studying the man. As the SHOT STOPS in an EXTREME CLOSEUP, Buzz realizes.

BUZZ
Sonofabitch.

ANGLE on man, EXTREME CLOSEUP. His head turns slowly TOWARD US and stops. He looks up, directly AT US (Buzz's POV) and raises his drink in a toast, and looks back away.

ON Buzz, not taking his eyes off him. He raises his beer in return.

MATT
What's up, bro? I smell wood burnin'.

Buzz sets his drink down.

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
That's the guy. The "Islamorada." That's our man!

ON the man. We know where we saw him last. Buzz is right.. It's their fifty-caliber, One-Eyed Jack repelling savior.

MATT
That's the who, that's what with which?

Buzz turns to him, excited.

BUZZ
He saved us. He killed Jack and his men. That's the fucking guy!

MATT
Okay, so. Do we send him a drink or what?

BUZZ
As a matter of fact, I think I will. Waitress!

Matt almost spits his drink.

MATT
Hey, whoa. It was a joke, man.
(laughs)
A stupid little joke, that's all.

BUZZ
Well, why not. After all, he saved our skins. Miss!!

MATT
Yes, true. However, I feel if he needed anything from us, he'd ask, right?

BUZZ
Well, I still say our lives warrant, at least, a drink of appreciation.

MATT
Buzz, you're acting like you know this guy.

Buzz finishes his beer.

BUZZ
I do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
You what?

BUZZ
Calls himself Falcon. Pretty well known 'round these parts as a "caballero."

MATT
Why "caballero" if his name is Falcon?

BUZZ
Means cowboy in English, and smuggler in drug terms. Buy's big-time, we're lucky.

The Waitress arrives, same girl as before.

WAITRESS
What now, boys?

MATT
(to Buzz)
What do you mean, lucky?

BUZZ
(ignores him)
Oh yes; my favorite little assistant manager. Can you send a drink to that man at that table over there.
(points)
He's wearing a...

SWISH PAN TO his table, empty! BACK TO Buzz.

BUZZ
Hawaiian shirt.
(looks back at Waitress)
Okay, cancel that. I'll have two more beers, please.

The girl is less than amused.

WAITRESS
I'm cutting you off, honey.

She walks off. TRACKING WITH her as she takes us away from the boys and down the row of tables. "LAST CALL" is heard over the P.A. She talks directly past Thorpe and Watkins' table as she CLEARS FRAME. We see it, empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON the boys. Buzz's eyes on the Waitress.

BUZZ
(a little drunk,
a little bitter)
Little ninny. Bet she wouldn't recognize one if she saw one.

MATT
How's she gonna recognize one if she can't <u>see</u> it.

BUZZ
Fuck this place. I'm outta here.

MATT
Where we goin' now?

BUZZ
(smiles)
I don't know, maybe do some bug hunting.

Matt grabs his crotch.

MATT
Right here, pal, right here.

They laugh and walk off, arm-in-arm, less that sober.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOLL HOUSE - NIGHT

The night's final combatants exit the structure. Limos sit out front, as most of this crowd is heading towards their cars. Among these nocturnal warriors are Matt and Buzz.

TRACKING WITH them, one holds up the other as they stumble along, singing.

BUZZ
It's been a hard day's night!

MATT
And I been workin' like a dawg!

BUZZ
It's been a hard day's night!

MATT
I should be sleepin' like a log.

They approach their car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
(digging for the keys)
Ya know I work all day, to get you money to buy you things.

MATT
And it's worth it just to hear you say, you're gonna give me everything.

Buzz finds the keys. Reaches for the door on the side of his Jeep.

BUZZ
So why on earth should I moan?

MATT
'Cause when I get you alone!

A figure appears behind Matt, another figure steps right up to Buzz. Almost in unison, both boys are struck down. Their limp bodies crumple to the ground. The men set their tire irons down and step into the light. It's Thorpe and Watkins.

THORPE
(singing)
You'll make me...

WATKINS
(singing)
Feel alright.

The men kneel beside the unconscious, yet breathing, bodies of Matt and Buzz.

THORPE
Both out?

WATKINS
Yup, both out.

They secure their hands on the shoulders of each boy, set to drag the bodies off. O.S. voice is heard.

VOICE
You're out.

CLOSEUP of Thorpe, looking up in time to see the blurred foot, as a kick rips into his face. His nose erupts in a red shower as he flies back, hitting the ground solidly. Watkins moves into action, leaping up right at the assailant. It's Falcon!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE on Matt. One eye flutters open. He spots Falcon.

MATT
(weakly)
Caballero.

And he's out.

Falcon shifts his weight and hits Watkins with a straight palm to the chin, stopping him cold. Before Watkins can think about returning a blow, Falcon yanks his jaw open. And with his hand in Watkins' mouth, pulls him violently forward, and splits his forehead with a vicious head butt, boxes his ears so quick, Watkins is out before his body finds the ground.

ANGLE on Thorpe, getting back to his feet, as he searches for his bearings; Falcon spots him instantly and drops him again with a well-placed front kick to the heart.

None of the bodies move. All four unconscious. Falcon stands there motionless, poised, ready to strike. He senses no more danger, bends down to Matt, checks a pulse, does the same on Buzz.

HIGH ANGLE as Falcon drags the bodies away from the Jeep, away from Dawson's men, away from the Doll House.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Falcon is at the gas stove cooking bacon, prodding the sizzling meat with a fork. Surrounding him in this stark, high-tech, black and white chef's heaven, is everything from a high-powered ice maker to the most programmable coffee machine. A huge silver-colored, side by side refrigerator-freezer set-up sits next to Falcon, still checking the meat as he sips a cup of coffee. On the other side of him, a doorway, leading back into what appears to be a fairly palatial layout.

ANGLE on the doorway -- at a groggy Buzz who pokes his head in. He spots Falcon.

BUZZ
(hesitates)
Good morning??

Falcon looks up, goes back to the bacon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
'Morning. Lovely day, huh?

Buzz takes in the kitchen, Falcon, the bacon smell.

BUZZ
Where the hell am I?

FALCON
It's days like today I still look forward to, clear skies from Long Key to Windley.

BUZZ
(nervous)
Ah, sir?

Falcon crosses over to the fridge right past Buzz, doesn't look at him.

FALCON
(grabs the milk)
What's that?

BUZZ
Where am I?

FALCON
Now there's a question I ask myself at least twice a day. "Where am I?"

He pours a glass of milk and goes to the cupboard.

BUZZ
Well, I'm kinda asking it right now.

Falcon pours some cream into his coffee, stirs it.

FALCON
You want to know where you are, "Buzz"?

Buzz is surprised at Falcon's knowledge of his name.

BUZZ
The way I feel right now, it wouldn't hurt.

FALCON
You're exactly where you shouldn't be -- alive. If you were a cat, I wouldn't put any money on you at the rate you're going.

CONTINUED:

Buzz finally steps into the kitchen, rubs the back of his neck.

BUZZ
You got any ice?

FALCON
(points)
In there, can't miss it. Pardon me for an assessment based on first impressions, but you, my friend, seem to be somewhat of a thrill-seeker.

BUZZ
Just timing, I suppose.

He brings the ice tray from the freezer. Falcon walks up to him, small plastic bag in hand, holds it to him.

FALCON
Well, timing or not, don't expect the likes of me to arrive on the scene every time you find your ass flappin' in the breeze. You've been lucky, pal.

Buzz fills the bag with ice.

BUZZ
How'd you know my name?

FALCON
There aren't too many people down here that I don't at least know <u>of</u>, especially military-connected ones.

A MOAN is heard O.S. SWISH PAN. Matt entering the kitchen, sees Falcon, Buzz, sniffs the air. All three sort of <u>stare</u> for a moment, finally:

MATT
Where am I?

Falcon laughs to himself, crosses back over to the stove right past Matt.

FALCON
The kitchen.

The sizzling bacon takes us into --

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

The three men sit around a circular mahogany coffee table, food on plates, coffee poured, ice bags on necks of Matt and Buzz.

FALCON
Look, this is my private island. I live here. Now in the course of a coupla day, I'm somehow granted the wondrous job of protecting and saving your two asses, not once, but twice. Which, by the way, was Christmas dinner. You boys were unconscious. I brought you back here. Pardon my samaritan behavior, but I'm just like that sometimes, okay?

BUZZ
No, please, really we do appreciate it. It's just that, we've been involved in some shit and we still have a lot of questions.

FALCON
I should hope so. I'd have a few questions if the CIA was following my ass.

Matt drops his fork. Buzz's eyes widen.

BUZZ
The CIA?

Falcon pats his mouth with a napkin.

FALCON
The two bozos I whacked in the parking lot, recognized 'em from a deal I helped structure about five years back. Real coupla assholes.

MATT
What kind of deal?

FALCON
A very profitable one.

BUZZ
Drugs?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
(smiles)
We like to call it cargo.

BUZZ
Okay, okay, wait, slow down. Are we talking about the Central Intelligence Agency?

FALCON
The only one I know. Bastards are either trying to kill me or cut a deal of some kind. Can't trust 'em.

MATT
So where does that leave us?

FALCON
Well, I'd recommend the first thing you do is scan your recent past and memory. If anything sticks out or comes to mind, that would generate a reason for their presence, then we should talk, if not, it could be a bad case of mistaken identity.

Matt and Buzz, thinking hard, almost lost. Then it all clicks. The canister! They share a look.

BUZZ
Oh, Jesus Christ.

BUZZ
(quickly)
Who's the only person we told, Matt?

MATT
Gee, ah, that would be...

BUZZ
Think!

MATT
(it clicks)
Holy shit, Dad.

FALCON
What? What is it, boys, something you haven't told me?

Silence, deathly still silence. Buzz finally looks up at Falcon.

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
We found something.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

In three lawn chairs next to the black bottom, bell shaped pool, sit Falcon and the three boys. Not exactly collecting sun as they all wear jeans and shirts.

BUZZ
... And when we went to talk to the Colonel, our dad, thinking he could help, he sort of played it off like it was nothing to worry about. "Don't lose sleep" were his exact words.

FALCON
Well, it sounds to me like your pop is either genuinely concerned about you guys, or very interested in what you found.

MATT
There was something a bit off about him that day.

FALCON
Now, where exactly did you say that canister was discovered?

Buzz, not wanting to spill all his beans.

BUZZ
Hard to say, really.

MATT
We were sort of drifting that day.

FALCON
(smiles)
Right. Drifting.

He lights up a cigarette.

BUZZ
What I'm saying, Falcon, is that we could help you find it. Without us, it could take years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Falcon digests this, his mind deep in thought, staring out at the aqua blue ocean that completely surrounds his "island." He notices something, looks over.

ANGLE. His approaching POV. Bikini clad, oiled, sleek, tanned and graceful. It's the Goddess from the Doll House. She carries a wireless phone as she walks right up to the men.

GIRL
Phone call, Falc. Says it's urgent.

FALCON
Thanks, dear.

She hands him the phone.

FALCON
Did you guys meet? Matt, buzz, a very dear friend of mine. This is Samantha, Sam to friends.
(to phone)
Yeah.

Hi's all around. PUSH IN on Buzz. He recognizes her from the club. His jaw drops, nearly tripping as he rises to greet her. He offers his hand, she takes it.

BUZZ
And my life is now complete.

He kisses her hand.

SAM
(coyly)
So now you can die a happy man.

BUZZ
In the darkest of graves.

MATT
If he starts drooling, it's nothing unusual.

Matt laughs. TIGHTER on Samantha. We sense a genuine sense of kindness here. A rare breed.

FALCON
(into phone)
... And this came in how long ago?

SAM
If you boys need anything, I'll be close by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns on her heels and walks away, tight ass flexing with each step.

BUZZ
Best news I heard all day.

FALCON
(checks his Rolex)
Less than an hour. I'll get my men ready.
(he hangs up)
You boys sure picked a fine day to hang out with the Falcon.

He rises.

MATT
Why's that?

FALCON
We're all gonna take a little boat ride.

Looks are exchanged all around.

BUZZ
Boat ride, where?

FALCON
The airport.

He walks off calling back.

FALCON
Wire your shit. We're outta here in less than five.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A binocular POV scans the surrounding ocean. No land in sight. This is a familiar POV, through these binoculars. ANGLE on Falcon, lowering the binos from his eyes. He looks at his watch.

FALCON
Shouldn't be long now. These boys are never late. Not with me.

He raises them back to his face. PULL OUT to reveal Matt and Buzz along his side. At the stern is Samantha. Up top in front of the three quarter fly bridge, the two fifties, the engine is cut as "Islamorada" sways in the wake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
What are you lookin' for?

FALCON
The promised land, Matt. I'm lookin' for its "plains" of glory.

Matt throws a look at Buzz.

BUZZ
This is the strangest airport I've ever seen.

MATT
No white zone's.

Falcon's head raises a tad. He spots something.

FALCON
That's not a bad nickname for this place, "The White Zone."

Binocular POV. A DC-3 cuts INTO FRAME. Descending rapidly it makes its way towards the strangely calm water.

On "Islamorada" Falcon lowers the binoculars.

FALCON
Sam! Fire it up, that babie's comin' in fast!

She moves from the rear to the controls. Brings the ENGINES to life.

FALCON
Jump on the horn. Tell the others to move out.

MATT
Where's it gonna land?

FALCON
Right in my back pocket.

The engines ROAR. The boat roars past us OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The DC-3 is no more than fifty feet above the water, dropping fast, no landing gear down, no reason for them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE on the horizon. We sense movement, as we PUSH IN -- it's now possible to see five, 30 to 35 foot cigarette boats, engines full bore, two men on each. Weapons drawn.

ON the plane, approaching water, ten feet, six feet, two, impact!

The colliding belly sends water in every direction. Our FRAME shakes, as the now amphibious craft skips violently across the water, chewing up some two hundred feet of ocean. Finally it stops, ENGINES slowing then cut.

ANGLE on "Islamorada" speeding at and past us. PAN with it to find it less than a hundred yards from the sinking plane.

ANGLE on the horizon, the five cigs moving closer, within a hundred and fifty to a hundred yards now. The troops are arriving.

ANGLE on the cockpit. No faces can be seen. Pilot, co-pilot unbuckling. PAN off them to find "Islamorada" arriving next to the left wing.

ON "Islamorada."

FALCON
Samantha, jump on the guns.

She moves quickly past the boys and into the fly bridge where the gun triggers lie. All business, she "mans" her weapon.

FALCON
Matt, open that hatch next to your left foot.

Matt looks, sees it, kneels down, yanks it open. He stares at the contents.

MATT
You gotta be kiddin' me?

ANGLE on the hatch. Weapons, lots of them, M-16's, MAC-11's, shotguns.

FALCON
Grab a couple. No sense in being sorry if some shit breaks out.

Matt throws a look to Buzz. Questions in his eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
Grab 'em, Matt. He's right.

Matt almost pleading "no" with his eyes.

BUZZ
Hey, trust me.

He looks back at the weapons, grabs two of them, matching black, vinyl 12 gauge Benellis, semi-auto. He tosses one to Buzz.

FALCON
Easy, Matt, them suckers are loaded. Now listen up. Matt, I want you to handle anything off the port side. Buzz, you stay starboard. Don't do or say shit unless I signal. You got that?

Matt and Buzz know he means business. They haven't witnesses this side of Falcon.

BUZZ/MATT
Yes, sir. You got that.

They move into their designated spots. Falcon carefully steers the boat around the wing to the side of the craft. A door slides open. A Latino MAN inside the door secures it. He motions Falcon's boat toward him. Behind him, inside the plane, we spot several brown crates. All identical in size and shape. "Islamorada" slowly creeps up to the open cargo door.

FALCON
Hello, again. Lovely place you chose to land.

ON Buzz and Matt, tense. Samantha strangely cool.

MAN
(Spanish)
When the other boats arrive, we move.

FALCON
Samantha, what's this shit he's sayin'?

SAMANTHA
He's telling us to wait for the other boats to arrive, then we unload.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
They sure better hurry up, this boys sinkin' fast.
(looks out)
Where are those assholes?

ANGLE on the ocean. The five cigs, full speed in a fire lane, slowing a bit as they make their approach and arrive at the front of the aircraft.

ANGLE on "Islamorada," Falcon turns and sees the other boats.

FALCON
We got company. Buzz, Matt, don't jumpy. This is financial.

Falcon gestures with his arm (over here). The first boat in line slowly surges forward around the wing and stops. Falcon moves left to right, to the side nearest Boat #2. A Latin MAN waits.

FALCON
Let's do this, plane's sinkin' fast.

MAN
(thick accent, bad English)
Is cargo on plane?

FALCON
No, asshole, it's in your mouth. Give me the cash.

The Man reaches down, Buzz and Matt watching him, Sam ready. He comes out with two nondescript brown briefcases. He hands them from boat to boat to Falcon.

FALCON
How very kind of you. Buzz! Come check these.

Buzz moves from his position towards Falcon.

FALCON
Alright, senor, load up.

The man backs away, signaling to his driver. They manage to squeeze past Islamorada and stop directly in front of the cargo door.

ON Buzz. He kneels down and grabs a briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON Boat #1. The Man outside the plane is handing the crates to the Latin Man in the stern of the boat. He lays them down carefully, box after box.

ON Buzz. He opens the briefcase. We see it. Cash -- lots of it. Stacks of hundreds.

BUZZ
Mother of God.

FALCON
Shut it. Store it up front. You'll find a hatch with a gold handle. Put both in there.

Buzz collects the cases and heads to the front of the boat.

ON Boat #1. The loader in the back, gives the thumbs up sign to the man in the plane, and then to Falcon. Falcon returns it.

FALCON
Thank you! Drive safely!

Boat #1 moves off, clears the plane, and guns its ENGINES. A spray of water -- and gone.

ON Falcon -- looks over to Boat #2.

FALCON
Let's go, let's go!!

ANGLE on Boat #2, leaving the front of the craft and coming back to load up. It stops alongside "Islamorada."

FALCON
Let's make it quick! Let's keep it smooth!

Another man in Boat #2 reaches to his left, rises up, two briefcases in hand. Another boat to boat transfer. Falcon grabs them. Brings 'em on board.

FALCON
(eyes on the man)
Buzz, you know what to do. Check 'em, stash 'em. Let's do this, people!

He nods to Boat #2, as Buzz comes back for seconds. It moves past, up to the cargo door. The unloading continues, crate after crate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
Candy from a baby, boys. Gonna rob that cocaine cradle.

Boat #2 is now loaded and ready. The driver salutes Falcon as he moves past "Islamorada" and into the open sea.

FALCON
(watching it go)
Felice Navidad, Alverez!
(he looks back at the waiting boat)
C'mon, number three, move your ass!

ANGLE on Boat #3 pulling up. The same action takes place. A pit stop at "Islamorada," briefcases handed over, three this time. Buzz checks and secures them as Boat #3 arrives at the cargo door. We notice Vinnie, the co-pilot, wearing an orange life jacket, starting to help with the cargo chore.

ON Falcon.

FALCON
(to Matt)
Two more and we go. Just a few more minutes, Matt.

MATT
You do this much?

FALCON
(looks away from him)
What do you think?

ANGLE on Boat #3, loaded, thumbs up, gone.

Falcon waves Boat #4 over. It approaches and stops alongside the "Islamorada." Falcon intercepts the MAN waiting, something different about him, older, features darker.

FALCON
You know the routine, let's do this.

OLDER MAN
(accent)
I hope you know the routine.

He reaches down -- comes back up, only one case, hands it over across the boat to Falcon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
Buzz, one more.

ON Buzz, coming back over.

BUZZ
Hatch is getting kinda full.
Lotta cash down there.

FALCON
The hatch can never be too full.
Check it, stash it.

During this, Boat #4 has moved past to the cargo door. Another figure appears at the mid-section where the boxes are being loaded, tall, very tall. He crouches to look out. The sun turns his soft blonde hair white. It's Sandy, the pilot from the jungle clearing. Falcon spots him.

FALCON
Sandy! My man. They still got you workin' these waters? Thought you'd get promoted to the Pacific.

SANDY
(cracks a smile)
Lotta mouths to feed. Gotta take what I can. Listen, Falc, we're sinkin' fast.

FALCON
I know, I know. Two minutes, we're gone. We'll run you back to shore.

SANDY
Roger that. Lemme grab a coupla charts I left in the cockpit.

Falcon signals go ahead. Sandy crouches and heads back inside. The loading still in hot progress.

ANGLE on Boat #5, still up front alongside the cockpit. It's apparent the plane is taking a lot of water. It dips deeper into the sea.

ON $4, Vinnie and the Latin Man handling boxes, stashing the cargo.

ON Buzz, working on the briefcase, still closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
Don't know, Falcon, seems to be locked.

Falcon looks over.

FALCON
What do you mean, locked?

BUZZ
(fussing with combo)
I mean locked. It doesn't want to budge.

FALCON
Let's have a look.

He bends down and picks it up. In one arm he raises it eye level out away from himself. He reaches into the small of his back and pulls out a Walther PPK.

FALCON
Stand back. Fire in the hole!

BOOM! The bullet tears into the lock, shrapnel flying off.

TIGHTER on Boat #5 at the front of the plane. Sudden activity on board. The Man towards the stern steps down out of sight.

ON Boat #4, the driver watches "Islamorada" as the final boxes are loaded.

Falcon kneels down next to Buzz, working the case.

FALCON
Some asshole's tryin' to be cute.

He pulls a knife from his belt and hands it to Buzz.

FALCON
As I pull, you insert the blade right here...
(pointing)
... and push. Got it?

BUZZ
Got it.

ANGLE on the cockpit. Sandy digging in various spots, removing several items.

ANGLE on Boat #5. The Man we saw duck down reemerges, sawed off twelve gauge in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON the case. It's pulled open, contents revealed. Two phone books, a few pair of women's underwear.

CLOSEUP - Falcon looks up.

FALCON
Sam!! Cover us!!

He grabs Buzz by the hair, hauling him down.

ANGLE on Boat #5. The Man with the sawed off turns on the cockpit, two quick blasts. BOOM! BOOM! Before the slugs tear Sandy apart, we catch a glimpse of his face, surprised, panicked. He's thrown across the cockpit, windows blood red.

ON Samantha, she swivels the twin fifty on Boat #5 and the GUN comes to life.

At the same time, the loader on Boat #4 pulls a revolver from his hip and pumps a round into Vinnie. His upper lip flashes red as the back of his head blows outwards covering the other Latin Man with fragments.

As Vinnie's body tumbles in SLOW MOTION, CUT back to Samantha's MACHINE GUN assaulting Boat #5, wood SPLITS, glass SHATTERS. A line of holes trace up the chest of Sandy's killer. His twelve gauge and he are yanked back and pissed overboard. His driver FIRING a pistol, is cut down in mid-heroics, fifty cal FIRE, chewing him up.

ON Boat #4, before Sam can bring the weapon around, Vinnie's killer FIRES two shots into the gas popping belly of the Latin loader. He stumbles back, clutching his gut, entrails in hand.

As Vinnie's body finally hits the water, his killer on Boat #4 turns in time to see his last. His neck jellies outwards violently as esophagus chunks fill the air.

SWISH PAN to "Islamorada," Matt, a smoking 12 gauge in hand, high on adrenaline.

FALCON
(to Matt, Buzz)
Keep your fucking heads down.

The driver of Boat #4 springs up from below, M-16 in hand. He manages TWO SHOTS before Sam's fifty cal FIRE finds its mark. He buckles, jerks back and down, weapon going overboard and then, silence, smoke drifting outwards. ON Falcon rising slowly, pistol in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
Sam, you okay?

Sam's fine.

FALCON
Buzz? "Okay." Matt? "Okay."

He throws a look to Matt. Matt hasn't moved from his final position, gun still trained, eyes fixed, breathing hard. Falcon rises.

FALCON
Matt, I'm talking to you, goddamnit!

Matt slowly turns his head. Looks right at Falcon. It's a look we haven't seen before A vacancy in the eyes.

FALCON
Speak or swim, boy!

MATT
(softly)
Fine.

Falcon crosses over to the bow, barking orders.

FALCON
Sam, check on the breech, Buzz, secure that cash and check on Matt. I gotta grab something.

Sam looks into the weapon. It's fine. Buzz secures the cash hatch, crosses over to Matt as Falcon heads back to the stern.

BUZZ
Matt? Hey, buddy, it's okay now, you okay?

Matt is still white knuckling the shotgun, not looking at Buzz.

BUZZ
You had no choice, bro. You had no choice...

He backs away towards Samantha. Matt left to deal with his own Karma by himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE on Falcon. The plane beginning to submerge in the b.g. He's pried the gaff loose from its holder and is coming back up. Samantha intersects him.

SAMANTHA
Boy's shaken. How can I help?

FALCON
Just get up top and steer the boat. I'll handle him later.

She moves off toward the bridge. Falcon moves around to the starboard side, looks out, nothing. He works his way back to the port side, crosses Buzz.

BUZZ
What now?

FALCON
(walking past)
Gotta locate something.

Falcon starts out from his port side, searching.

BUZZ
Does it float?

ON Falcon, he spots it.

FALCON
Like a fucking buoy.

He motions to Sam at the wheel.

FALCON
Sam, bring me in about ten feet, stay left!

She follows the order and the boat eases up towards the object. Buzz now sees it.

BUZZ
Oh, man...

ANGLE on the water, head back, teeth exposed, lifeless and floating, orange life jacket turned red, Vinnie.

FALCON
(raises the gaff)
Now when I get him close enough, you grab hold of the gaff, I'll do the rest.

BUZZ
I hope so.

CONTINUED:

The boat is right alongside Vinnie's corpse now. Falcon raises the gaff, and puts it to work. As the hook secures itself on the life vest we...

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN

OVERHEAD SHOT. The DC-3 disappears slowly into the depths of the Atlantic. The wreckage of Boats #4 and #5 still pour smoke as the wounded crafts prepare for a burial at sea. Speeding away from this scenario, "Islamorada," ENGINES humming, all crew intact. It exits. The plane now goes black, a surge of bubbles coming up, and gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

On board "Islamorada," Falcon at the helm. Buzz along his side, the wind and sun beating their salty faces. At the rear, near the stern, Matt and Samantha, Matt huddled over, almost catatonic. Sam is offering comfort. He just won't respond. She leaves his side and joins Falcon and Buzz at the helm.

SAMANTHA
He's not sayin' much. Probably in shock.

FALCON
Well, if he doesn't come around soon, you know what to do.

SAMANTHA
Got it.

She leaves, heading back to Matt.

BUZZ
What did that mean?

FALCON
Just give him a little sleeping pill, that's all. Calm him down a bit.

BUZZ
Not a bad idea. Where are we going?

FALCON
You tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
Excuse me?

FALCON
We took care of my business. I thought we'd have a look at yours.
(pause)
Where's the canister, Buzz?

Buzz looks back at Matt. He's out of it, no help. Turns back to Falcon and realizes there's no way out.

BUZZ
I'll get you there. Just promise you'll hang with me when I do, okay?

FALCON
At this point, I wouldn't be surprised if I hung with you. It's your course, you set it.

Falcon steps aside. Buzz hesitates, then takes control of the boat. He leans on the throttle and accelerates as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - LATER (SAME DAY)

Matt on the deck, passed out. PAN off him, we find Buzz and Falcon, cold beers in hand.

FALCON
... we're talkin' about a 21 year old kid, pullin' in 200 bucks a week, suddenly staring thousands in the face. It was too easy, too much fun. Fuckin' A, I said yes to bringin' in some dope now and then. I just didn't realize it would become my life.

This registers on Buzz's face -- "Became my life" hits home. He looks up at Falcon.

BUZZ
Think you'd change it if you could?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
(pauses, smile)
Not a single moment of it.

He means it. Buzz knows he does. Falcon checks his watch.

BUZZ
How long she been gone?

FALCON
At least ten minutes.
(leans over the port side)
She should of come up by now... you scuba, Buzz?

BUZZ
Certified when I was twelve years old.

FALCON
Good -- cause if she ain't up in three minutes -- you're going in after her.

BUZZ
No problem, Buzz. Just point me there.

Falcon finishes his beer, opens the cooler, grabs another.

FALCON
Yeah, I bet you're just dying to go in after her, ain't you, Buzz?

There's almost a taunting ring to this comment.

BUZZ
After watching Sam operate those guns, I'm not so sure.

FALCON
I'll tell you what -- not only does she cook, but that young lady can put a group of five in a fly's asshole at 200 yards, split wood with a backhand, tune the engine on my favorite boat, has a masters in foreign language, and is capable of showing a generous amount of sincerity as she sucks the paint off your car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
(smiling)
My kinda girl!

A splash! Heads turn towards the water. It's Samantha, surfacing. She pulls the regulator out of her mouth.

SAMANTHA
I got one, Falc.

She strains as her hands lift something into Falcon and Buzz's view. A cannister identical to the ones we've seen before.

FALCON
You sure did. Buzz, grab the gaff, bring it here, Sam. Let Buzz take that from you and then give me your hand.

Buzz goes directly to the gaff, past Matt, out cold, grabs it, starts back to Falcon.

SAMANTHA
Should'a seen it down there, Falc. I couldn't believe my eyes.

BUZZ
Here ya go...

Falcon takes the gaff from Buzz, raises it and leans towards Samantha and the cannister.

FALCON
I gather from your tone there're more of these down there.

The gaff connects to the cannister with a CLANK.

SAMANTHA
A lot more -- maybe four or five hundred more.

FALCON
(to himself)
Hello promised land.

Falcon raises the gaffed cannister. He brings it towards them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
Grab this, Buzz -- Sam, give me your hand.

Buzz takes the gaff from him, setting it down gently.

BUZZ
(to cannister)
Damn, you look familiar.

Falcon hauls Samantha out, hands gripped tight. She swings her perfect legs over the side, flippers hitting the deck.

SAMANTHA
Whew! Thanks, Falc.

FALCON
Don't mention it.
(turns to Buzz)
Pull that sucker off there. We'll have a look.

Buzz is struggling with the gaff hook secured into an aluminum loop at the top of the cannister.

BUZZ
(straining)
Bastard's stuck... won't budge.

FALCON
(moving to him)
Step aside, Superman.

Matt grunts -- it frees itself, slipping out of Buzz's hands and rolling back towards the Stern.

ANGLE ON MATT as the rolling cannister, CRASHES into the side of his head! His eyes shoot open.

MATT
Heyyy!!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - FALCON ISLAND - NIGHT

Lights turned low, shades lowered, moonlight glistening off the animal pelts that line the floor. An air of tension in the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the foot of Falcon's king size ivory framed water bed. Buzz, fire in his eyes; fear, joy, total excitement as he watches Falcon work the wrench against a large bolt on the top of the cannister. We sense progress.

FALCON
(teeth gritting)
Son of a bitch is on there tight. Someone sure as shit didn't want this to get wet!

Buzz is almost shaking -- anticipation -- heat.

BUZZ
(adrenal)
Falcon, if you get that top off and for some reason something other than Daiseys pop out, I just want ya to know, it's been a real kick in the ass...

FALCON
(pauses, looks at him)
Hey, let's save the "I love ya" shit for the holidays, all right. Get over here and hold the base of this cocksucker.

Buzz rises, thinking, stops.

BUZZ
I don't know, Falc -- Don't want something to come out at me.

FALCON
Like what.

BUZZ
Nerve gas.

FALCON
Nerve gas. Boy you better start sharing your drugs. Now, get over here!

Buzz slowly starts to come over -- one foot leading the other.

FALCON
(to himself)
Why the hell would the Contras want gas?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON BUZZ. "Contras"? Did he hear that? No couldn't. Shakes it off. Steps up to the cannister, kneels down.

BUZZ
What should I do?

FALCON
Grab tight on the bottom. I need more leverage.

Buzz secures both hands around the lower portion of the cannister. His knuckles white as he holds on for dear life.

FALCON
(steadying the wrench)
On three, ya yank that maggot towards ya.

BUZZ
Okay.

FALCON
Three!

Buzz yanks left, Falcon pulls viciously right. The force is broken as the wrench flies violently off its bolt, strikes Buzz in the forehead. He tumbles back as a piece of metal PINGS off the side of the cannister before falling into the carpet.

BUZZ
(touches his forehead)
God damn!

Falcon leans over to have a look at Buzz, blood starting to leak into his eye.

FALCON
You all right?

BUZZ
Never better. Did we open it?

Falcon reaches down into the carpet, grabs the piece of metal. It's the head of the wrench.

FALCON
No. Wrench snapped. Typical dink hardware.

Samantha steps into the room, still wearing the bathing suit.

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA
Matt's doing much better. Coming around a bit.

She stops, sees Buzz, head cut, looks at Falcon, half wrench in his hand.

SAMANTHA
Let me guess... you boys had a fight.

FALCON
Yeah... But not with each other. I need a blow torch.

CUT TO:

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Sparks flying outward, torch in high gear. Falcon, goggles on, working the orange heated top of the cannister. Standing back away from the sparks -- Samantha, Buzz and Matt.

Matt seems to be in a neutral state -- emotionless, staring at the molten sparks.

FALCON
Shouldn't be much longer now.

No more than an inch remains as Falcon has worked the torch in a circle around the neck of the cannister.

In the b.g. a small drill press, lathe, coupla work benches, various tools.

The final sparks fly as the top portion of the cannister falls noisily to the ground.

FALCON
(turns off flame)
Showtime, folks.

Buzz steps over to Falcon, Samantha with him. Matt hasn't moved.

BUZZ
So?! Buried treasure or what??

Falcon pulls off his goggles, staring down into the freshly opened cannister.

FALCON
(to himself)
It's just what I thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA
Don't burn yourself, Falc.

BUZZ
What? What is it?!!

Falcon reaches over, grabs a lone screwdriver off the floor, licks the end, lowers it down in to the mouth of the cannister -- carefully avoiding the scorching metal.

FALCON
Well, it sure as hell ain't your momma's pantyhose.

He slowly withdraws the screwdriver. From the handle to the tip, it's white, bright white flakes, powder -- Buzz's jaw drops, Matt stares.

SAMANTHA
Is it wet, Falc?

Falcon licks the end of the screwdriver.

FALCON
It's as dry as a popcorn fart.

BUZZ
(excited)
How much is there, Falcon?

FALCON
Looks like more than two kilos to me. I'd have to weigh it first.

BUZZ
(shocked)
Holy shit... that's about fifty thousand dollars worth.

Falcon looks to him, rises.

FALCON
Guess again, pal. By the time this shit hits the street, it's worth at least a quarter mill -- maybe more.

Matt looks up. For the first time it appears that "life" has returned to his weary face. He takes a step forward. Buzz turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
Matt... Do you realize what this means?!

Matt pauses, turns to Buzz, looks at Falcon.

MATT
Yeah. I need a line.

BUZZ
Hey! Hey! My man is back!!

Buzz throws his arms around Matt's neck, pulls him into a hug. Falcon rolls his eyes. Samantha can only laugh.

BUZZ
We're rich!! Holy hell, are we rich!

Matt cracks a smile -- looks at Buzz -- their eyes lock.

FALCON
Enough celebrating now, we got work to do.

BUZZ
What kind of work?

FALCON
Hell, there's still about 500 more of these suckers out there just beggin' to be rescued.

MATT
You're going back?

Falcon crosses over to the door, opens it.

FALCON
No, we're going back.

He steps out -- gone. Samantha turns to Buzz.

SAMANTHA
Hope ya boys got your balls. This would sure be a bad time to lose 'em.

She exits. Buzz and Matt, open cannister on the floor, share a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
So what do you say, Matt. Ya still in on this?

MATT
I think it's time to kick some ass.

CUT TO:

INT. DAWSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Cigar smoke rises from an expensive Havana Dawson is holding, leaning back in his chair behind his desk. Watkins and Thorpe stand in front of him, their faces still swollen from the Falcon incident at the Dollhouse.

DAWSON
My boys a little too tough for you ladies to handle?

THORPE
(shifting)
Not exactly, sir. We were sort of surprised.

DAWSON
Oh, I see, surprised. And as a result of this "surprise" you both look like my asshole.

WATKINS
We're afraid so, sir. It was a quick attack.

DAWSON
And does this "quick attacker" have a name?

THORPE
Falcon, sir.

Dawson recognizes the name.

DAWSON
Son of a whore... thought we had him under control. So what, you're here to tell me basically, is that while hot on the trail of our boys, you two fuck-ups managed to get surprised by a drug dealer. Is that it, men... nothing more?

Thorpe throws a look to Watkins -- nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THORPE
No, sir, upon recognition of Falcon, we issued a photo surveillance. We just received these.

He raises a manilla folder, sets it on Dawson's desk. Dawson picks it up.

DAWSON
Don't tell me -- family portraits.

He pulls out a thin pile of 8 X 10 photos.

WATKINS
You could call it that, sir.

DAWSON
(looking at the shots)
Boys, boys, boys, ya just couldn't mind your daddy, could ya?

CLOSEUP - 8x10 in Dawson's hand. It's a scene we've seen before yet frozen now. The boat "Islamorada." Falcon in mid-pull lifting a scuba-clad Samantha from the water. Right next to them, Buzz, gaff in hand, cannister attached, smiling.

THORPE
The location's been recorded, sir. Map's drawn. It's all in there.

Thorpe points to folder. Dawson puts the photos back into the folder, leans back in his chair, staring out.

PUSH IN on him slowly.

DAWSON
In the days of ancient military pride and valor, a king would frown down upon the heads of his betraying sons before the sharpened ax he held was driven into the stump where their heads lay to rest.

Thorpe throws a look at Watkins. "What the fuck".

DAWSON
It's the absence of this crystalized complete form of instant justice that still won't allow me to sleep at night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He slowly taps his ashes onto the floor. Neither Thorpe or Watkins breath.

DAWSON
I cannot bear witness to such communist behavior without upholding the commitments I have to a system of purified traditional punishment.

THORPE
I don't quite follow, sir.

DAWSON
(looks at Thorpe)
Neutralize them -- fast. I can't afford to have any rats in my kitchen at this point, gentlemen.

WATKINS
Is that all, sir?

DAWSON
No; Just the clean-up, just the fucking clean-up...

He swivels his chair around. Back to Thorpe and Watkins at they exit the room. Dawson picks up a phone, dials, waits.

DAWSON
(into phone)
Burke -- it's me... listen up! We found it, goddam it, that's right. I'll need you to organize the necessary salvaging equipment and personnel. We move on it tomorrow. And make sure there's room for me. I want to be right there with it.

BURKE (V.O.)
Tomorrow, sir?

DAWSON
Zero six hundred sharp! If we wait too long who knows what could happen to it.

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN PARKED ON DECREPIT STREET - DAY

Burke is in the back seat, cellular phone in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURKE
I understand, sir.

DAWSON (V.O.)
There's too much at stake here, Sam. You know that as well as I do.

BURKE
Roger that, sir.

DAWSON (V.O.)
Get back to me as soon as we're set.

CLICK.

BURKE
Yes sir. Out.

He lowers the phone, head in hands, deep in thought..

INT. DEN/STUDY - FALCON ISLAND - NIGHT

Three large Florida keys charts line the wall next to a massive organized bookcase. Beside that, seated in a plush leather couch, Matt and Buzz, attention directed to Falcon pacing in front of the charts.

FALCON
I want to do this quick, efficiently and safely. No heroes this time, no cabaiello bullshit. If it stays tight, we can be in and out in less than an hour. If not, there's gonna be hell to pay.

BUZZ
How can the four of us possibly haul that cargo. It's gonna take a month... and if we do, where the hell do you plan to store it?

FALCON
Listen. I've arranged for a fifty-two foot salvage vessel to go with us. Nets, hydraulic lift, full crew. This is no pleasure cruise. These men are serious about their work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
So why do you need us... seems like we'll just be along for the ride.

Falcon pauses, looking at the boys, men in his eyes -- a twinkle of admiration here.

FALCON
You boys brought me into this, I think you should be there when it ends. Sides, if I cut you loose, you're dead.

BUZZ
(smiling)
So when do we get our share of the profits?

FALCON
I told you, I'll handle all those variables.

Buzz looks at Matt. Matt says "I trust them" with his eyes.

FALCON
Also, the day we located the shipment, I ordered a team of my men into the area. A series of high grade plastique mines were placed in a pattern surrounding the cannisters -- right here.

He points to one of the charts.

MATT
What the hell did ya do that for?

BUZZ
I ain't going anywhere near that shit, not if...

FALCON
Hey! Relax for a moment. I did it as a safeguard... to protect the cargo, to protect us.

MATT
Well, what's to keep it from going off while we're sitting right on top of it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
There's a remote on board the Islamorada. It sits beneath the depth finder in the bridge. You can't miss it... small blue button.

BUZZ
(sarcastic)
Oh, sure, I'm feeling more secure by the minute. What if some one accidentally bumps into...

FALCON
There's also a key... nothing happens without this.

He pulls a small gold key from his pocket, shows it to them.

MATT
And if the charge did go off? What then?

Falcon grins, imagination racing.

FALCON
There'd be a whole new way to get to China.

Matt and Buzz have no comment to this -- Samantha steps into the room.

SAMANTHA
Phone call, Falc. Real urgent.

FALCON
Who is it?

SAMANTHA
He wouldn't say.

Falcon crosses the room past the boys staring at him. Samantha heads back out.

FALCON
Excuse me, fellas, probably the president.

He exits the room. Matt and Buzz, quiet, focused.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - UPSTAIRS - SAME NIGHT

Falcon in a chair, next to an ancient roll top desk, phone in hand.

FALCON
That's impossible.

VOICE (V.O.)
I wish it were, Falc, I really do.

FALCON
So what's his plan. Fill me in.

VOICE (V.O.)
He placed the organization aspect in my hands.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Typical middle American living room... TV, sofa. On the arm chair in front of a round mirror on the wall, it's Burke -- Sam Burke.

BURKE
(into phone)
Dawson and his men are making a move at dawn... zero six hundred. You'd better act fast. It's not the best time of the year for a vacation in Central America.

FALCON (V.O.)
I'll pull my troops together -- keep me posted if anything further develops.

BURKE
One more thing, Falc... Do you know where the boys are?

FALCON (V.O.)
(long pause)
No, no, I haven't seen 'em for at least a day. I'm waiting for 'em to call.

BURKE
That's what I was afraid of. Be in touch.

He sets down the phone. Catching a glimpse of himself in the mirror, he stares into his own eyes -- dark, empty, sad. He grabs the phone again. Dials. Waits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURKE
Hello?

VOICE (V.O.)
(on answering machine)
Leave a message at the beep.

BURKE
Shit.
(BEEP)
Listen, Buzz, it's Matt Burke from Homestead AFB. I know we only met once, but...

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY/DEN - FALCON ISLAND - NIGHT

Matt and Buzz seated on the couch. Samantha with them.

SAMANTHA
I guess I love the thrill of creating excitement with a God given gift, my body. It's not as though I'm dancing there for the money.

BUZZ
So that's where you and Falcon met, right? The Doll House?

SAMANTHA
No, Oh God no, Falc and I have quite a history together. You could say we go a -ways back.

MATT
How far back?

Falcon enters the room -- all heads turn.

FALCON
Welcome to it, people. The defecation has just hit the oscillation.

He crosses over past them.

BUZZ
What?

They rise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
We gotta m ake a move on the cargo a lot sooner than you think.

SAMANTHA
When?

FALCON
Now.

Buzz "what?"

FALCON
Sam, jump on the horn and find out how soon that salvage boat can be manned and ready to roll out.

Sam "right." Sam moves off quickly down the hall.

MATT
What's happening here, Falc?

Falcon starts removing the charts from the wall.

FALCON
I've just been informed that we're not the only "pirates" in the Atlantic with an interest in that cargo.

BUZZ
Could you be a little more vague, Falc? Who are you talking about?

FALCON
(rolling the maps)
The competition, the Big Boys. My sources tell me six A.M. is their big call time. That could change. But, I sure as fuck don't want to be anywhere close to that dump site when <u>those</u> boats show up.

BUZZ
What are we gettin' into here, Falc?

FALCON
What <u>haven't</u> we gotten into here?!

A pause. They all realize how much shit they have gone through.

CONTINUED:

FALCON
If we move our asses and at least get my boat ready, there shouldn't be a problem.

MATT
(dead serious)
At least not one we can't handle together, right?

Falcon hears this. And coming from Matt, seems to understand.

FALCON
(smiles)
I like your attitude, kid.

Samantha re-enters the room. A look of concern.

SAMANTHA
Boat says it needs at least two and a half, maybe three hours to get over here from Key West.

FALCON
(checks his watch)
Okay, that gives us roughly two hours to load my boat and two hours on the backend for the cargo. Not great... not bad.

Falcon crosses to the door.

BUZZ
Cutting it kinda close aren't ya, Falc?

FALCON
Only way I like to live.

BUZZ
It's not just you, Falcon o-- we're talking about three other lives as well here. You got no right to play God, Falc.

FALCON
No, but I do have a right tojoin him.

He turns, starts to exit calling after Samantha.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
Sam -- I need the Islamorelda in the water ASAP... Armed, fueled, ready to rock.

SAMANTHA
Soon as I can, boss.

She darts off. Buzz grabs Falcon's shoulder, stopping him. He turns.

BUZZ
I need to go somehwere. Be back in an hour.

FALCON
Whoa, partner? Are you kiddin' me. I need every swinging Dick in the field right now. It's crunch time, Buzz.

BUZZ
It's important, Falc.

FALCON
(quickly)
Well, so's makin' it to that cargo... on time. Shit, Buzz! I've got two outs in the bottom of hte ninth and you're trying to walk off the mound?

BUZZ
I'll be back before you take off, I promise! I wouldn't ask if it wasn't really important.

FALCON
(getting more irritated)
You headin' back to haveone last crack at you old lady?

Buzz is hit hard by this coment. Holds his ground.

BUZZ
No, Falc, I gotta pay for an abortion.

Falcon's expression doesn't change. Matt has been observing this. Emotions split.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
so mail it to her -- it's just not safe. Shit, boky! I am under the gun here!
(checks watch)
Now follow me so we can get this ball rolling.

He turns to go. A look between Buzz and Matt. Matt blurts out:

MATT
That's not the only thing he has to go back for, Falc!

ANGLE on Falcon moving down the hall. Hears this, stops, whips around, eyes trained on Matt.

MATT
We've still got a cannister hidden.
(pause)
No loose ends, right, Falc?

TIGHTER on Falcon. He knows Matt's right.

FALCON
Oh, shiiit... well, ain't this my lucky day.

He comes back into the room. Right up to Buzz.

FALCON
(irritated)
There's a motorcycle in the first garage -- keys in it. If I don't see your sorry ass inless than sixty minutes, your ----- have hell to pay on the other side.

BUZZ
Thanks, cowboy. I'll be back. Promise.

Buzz forces a hug onto Falcon, awkward.

FALCON
Yeah, yeah.
(half pushes Buzz off)
Drive safely, Matt. I'll need your help at the boat... as soon as possible.

Falcon heads off at his call for ASAP echoes in the hall. Buzz turns to Matt.

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
Wish me luck, dude.

MATT
Forget the luck -- Ya just get back here in one piece -- ya hear?

BUZZ
Don't worry about me. You need anything?

They share a moment.

MATT
Just a friend, Buzz, just a friend.

They embrace tightly.

FALCON (O.S.)
Yo matt! Move your ass!!

MATT
Gott go. Write if ya get work.

BUZZ
I always do...

And he's gone. Matt watching him head out towards the front room. A beat. He bolts off after Falcon.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIA - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The headlight on falcon's black Ninja Kowasaki grows larger speeding at us. Buzz, hair blown, leaning over in a racing crouch flies past.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT DOCK - FALCON ISLAND

The "Islamorelda" is tied off to a 4] foot dock that sits directly below the pool area. A wooden staircase connects the two . Samantha ison board as Matt and Falcon hand her several items ranging fromlife jackets to automatic weapons.

THREE QUICK CUTS:

A) The hatch is secured on a forward compartment. A melee of weapons is seen beforeit closes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

B) The cash compartment (still fully loaded) secured.

C) CLOSEUP - Falcon's face. Strung out. A look in his eyes. Checks his watch.

CUT TO:

INT. BUZZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

the door flies open. Buzz comes in. Wind tears streaking down his face. He crosses over to the fridge, grabs a Corona, and heads back to his bedroom. He hits a buttonon his answering machine. It comes to life as he pulls off his shirt and disappears into the bedroom.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(on answering machine)
Buzz? Buzzer? Guess you're not home. Haven't seen you in a coupla days. Call me.

CLICK.

INT. BUZZ'S BEDROOM

Buzz throws a clean T-shirt on; digs for a pair of pants. The next message plays over machine:

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Buzz, honey, it's Karen. I really wish you'd call me. I came by once today. No sign of my man. I love ya.

CLICK.

Buzz pulls a clean pair of pants on -- reaches into the back of his closet. A few beats, comes out. cardboard box in hands. The next message cuts in.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(answering machine)
Listen, Buzz, it's Burke from Homestead. I know we only met once, but you have to trust me on this one.

Buzz is paying close attention to themessate as he opens the box, pulls out a familiar object. A canister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURKE 'S VOICE
You're a targeted man, Buzz. I suggest you disappear ASAP. Lotta shit coming down in your area son!

Buzz crosses the room reaching down between the head of the bed. Pulls out a tan back pack, goes back over to the cannister, his attention hasn't swayed from the message.

BURKE (V.O.)
(answering machine)
I hope you get this message before it's too late.

CLICK.

As he stuffs the cannister into the backpack, the next message is heard.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(answering machine)
Buzz? Buzz, listen I have to talk to you. Buzz, it's Karen. Please pick up!

Buzz makes it fit, zip it up closed and heads out toward the kitchen, backpack in hand. ANGLE on Buzz moving toward the bathroom, the message continues.

KAREN (V.O.)
(answering machine)
Okay, I'm really scared, Buzz. I think I'm being followed. A couple of strange men -- I keep seeing them. Dammit Buzz! Where are you?

During this, Buzz has crossed into the bathroom. He stops his action, hears "strange men". His pace increases as he rifles through the medicine chest and grabs a band-aid box. He quickly opens it and ---- it hard. A wad of rolled up bills fly out onto the floor.

KAREN (V.O.)
(answering machine)
I'm coming by, Buzz. I love you.

CLICK.

He bends downto grab the money and stops, head fixed. Straining.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
(to himself)
Oh, no!!

Buzz's POV. The shower through the crack between the shower curtain and the til wall. We see blood. Buzz steps uip slowly. heart racing he reaches out for the curtain, hand shaking, pulls it aside. His face contorts.

BUZZ
(screams)
Oh, God!!

HIS POV. Eyes open, throat slit, blood everywhere. A knotted leather belt has been noosed around Karen's exposed neck. Her lifeless naked body hangs from the shower head. above her on the wall, a message scrawled in her blood. It reads: "Back-off."

ON BUZZ. A wave of shock overtakes his body. His eyes as we haven't seen them before. Anger, hate, love, death, confusion. He emits a crazed scream of pain "Aaaaugh."

He turns weariy and stumbles towards the bathroom door. Hewad spinning, tears falling, he makes a move towards the hallway - pace increasing

BUZZ
(mutttering)
Oh, Karen, goddamit, baby. Oh, God, I'm gonna kill somebody.

HIS POV. Approaching the front door. Five, three, two feet away. A figure steps INTO FRAME, arm raised.

BUZZ
Noooo!!

WHACK. As he's dropped quickly, the cannister smashing against his skull. He layis motionless on the floor.

PAN up to reveal Thorpe. Cannister in hand, staring down.

THORPE
Watkins. I got him.

Another figure steps up. It's Watkins. Looks at Buzz.

WATKINS
What do you say? Hang him side by side with his lady so they can take their last shower together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He chuckles. Thorope steps away from Buzz. Crosses past Watkins.

THORPE
I gotta check something.

WATKINS
I still say we should of raped her first -- relieve a little tension.

Thorpe hist a button on the answering machine -- waits.

THORPE
Shut up for a second...

Hits another button. A voice is HEARD.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
...It's -- Sam Burke from Homestead. I know we only met once, but you have to time me on this one.

Thorpe hits the button again. It stops. Turns to Watkins who steps away from Buzz.

WATKINS
Sounds like Mayor Burke is crossing lines. Better give boss a call.

Thorpe grabs the phone and dials. A beat.

THORPE
(into phone)
Major Dawson -- Thorpe here. Situation secured.
(pause)
Yes, sir. Some thing else, sir.
(pause)
We've located the source of our problem, sir.
(pause)
Burke -- Major Sam Burke -- He's dirty, sir.

INT. - OFFICE - NIGHT

Dawson on the phone listening -- different office than before. Larger -- more domesticated.

DAWSON
Surprise, surprise.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAWSON (CONT'D)
All right -- I'll handle that one from my end -- just make sure you clean up after yourselves -- Head on back -- out.

He sets the phone down -- wheels turning -- plotting his next move. He quickly redials the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. BUZZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Thorpe and Watkins standing in the bathroom hallway over Buzz's body, looking down.

WATKINS
You want the honors?

THORPE
Nah, he's yours, man.

Watkins reaches in and pulls a black silenced Bannema from his coat -- aims at Buzz's head.

WATKINS
It's nothing personal kid.

Watkins suddenly jerks up -- back arched. His chest taking a new shapes the head of a spear sticks out -- lung tissue flying. He crumples limply, moaning, hands clutching chest.

SWISH PAN - DOORWAY

It's Samantha, spear gun still vibrating. As Thorpe whirls on her -- his magnum drawn, she pulls the second trigger -- nothing -- it's jammed. Thorpe sights her -- their eyes lock.

THORPE
You fucking bitch!

Samantha dives right -- BOOM! Thorpe fires -- a quick flash of steel -- His head jerks quickly up and back. He gargles his own blood and struggles to breath past the boat book driven solidly into his throat. As his gasping twitching body slides down wall, CLEARING FRAME, it's Matt! Shaking, pumped -- staring at his victim.

Thorpe lays there on top of Watkins -- A few nerve reactions, swollen neck, larynx exposed -- DEAD.

Samantha springs up. Moving to Matt.

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA
Matt -- check on Buzz, I'll grab the canister!

She crosses behind him. Matt knees down to Buzz, checks his pulse.

MATT
Get his feet, we gotta get outta here.

Samantha puts the backpack on -- Grabs his feet -- on "three" they lift Buzz upward.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BUZZ - APARTMENT - NIGHT

An Aston Martin V-8 Vantage sits idling in the gravel driveway. Samantha and Matt approach the car -- Buzz stretched between them, as they struggle with the weight.

The passenger swings open -- It's Falcon.

FALCON
Let's go! Let's go!

Buzz is lifted inside, Matt and Samantha follow -- Door SLAMMED, car peeling out - Gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BOAT DOCK - FALCON ISLAND - NIGHT

Matt is untying the last securing line that connects "Islamorada" to the dock. Falcon is at the helm -- engine roaring to life.

FALCON
(over engine)
It's almost five o'clock, Matt -- Let's go! Let's go!

The line is free, he leaps into the stern next to Samantha who is checking on Buzz -- still unconscious. Water spray's outward as the boat's twin 440's chew ocean, sending the foresome away from the dock -- out to sea.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT/DAWN

An idling sedan sits out front, roughly 75 feet away from the wooden, single story middle class home. A RINGING phone is heard. The conversation is HEARD in V.O. as we stay outside the house.

VOICE (V.O.)
Yeah?

VOICE (V.O.)
That you, Burke?

BURKE (V.O.)
Yeah... Dawson?

DAWSON (V.O.)
Yes. All systems go, Sam?

BURKE (V.O.)
All systems go. You're all set.

DAWSON (V.O.)
Good. Hey, Sam. Do me a small favor.

BURKE (V.O.)
What's that?

The car still idling -- movement inside.

DAWSON (V.O.)
Go find out if heaven really exists.

BURKE (V.O.)
Excuse me?

DAWSON (V.O.)
You heard me. Goodbye, Sam.

CLICK.

BURKE (V.O.)
Wait, Bill.

BOOM! A flash of light -- Rocket streaking from the sedan -- Burke's window gets blown inward with a good portion of the wall. A huge ERUPTION. Fire and debris fly outward. As Burke disappears from sight, the sedan, SCREECHING tires -- peels away.

TIGHTEN ON THE DOORWAY. A beat. The door opens. A figure stumbles out -- Burke, quivering, blood geysering from his shoulder -- right arm gone. His one hand tried to keep his brains inside his half-head. He crumbles and dies on the front lawn.

CUT TO:

INT. DAWSON OFFICE - NIGHT/DAWN

He sets the phone down -- picks up another -- dials.

DAWSON
Dawson here -- we're on the move -- inform all personnel -- I'm on my way.

He hangs up -- Grabs his jacket and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - ON BOARD "ISLAMORADA" MOVING - NIGHT/DAWN

At the helm steering. Matt next to Buzz, wiping his forehead with a cold rag where a huge purple welt has formed. Falcon crosses over to them.

FALCON
How's he doing?

MATT
(dips cloth into water bowl)
Hard to say. Head looks pretty bad --
(looks up)
How much further?

FALCON
No more than ten minutes. I just hope we're alone when we get there.

MATT
And if not?

A beat. Falcon staring out straight ahead.

FALCON
Hard to say really, we'll just have to hope and pray.

MATT
(springs up)
I been hoping and praying since the day we met! I'm starting to get real fuckin' curious here, Falc!!

Buzz begins to stir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
Welcome to the drug world, kid. I never said it'd be a slice of heaven!

MATT
And I never asked for one -- too much mystery about you, Falc! Maw's gotta wonder.

FALCON
I've made a career out of being mysterious, Matt. It's a lot safer that way!

FALCON
(getting hotter)
Enough to keep any ass alive for 46 years.

Buzz eyes squeak open -- lifts his head -- neither man takes notice.

MATT
Who's coming out here?! Huh, who you afraid of, Cowboy?!!

FALCON
I told you -- the competition. I ain't the only smuggler in these parts. And as far as fear goes -- I ain't afraid of nothing! You hear me -- nothing!!

BUZZ
(weakly)
Matt, they got Karen.

Samantha turns to the men.

SAMANTHA
I think I see 'em!

ANGLE ON THE OCEAN -- In the distance -- a boat. Its shape coming clearer as the color of the sky changes slightly with the arrival of dawn. Moving closer -- the boat Falcon described -- 52 foot salvage boat, five crew members on board -- Large nets and hydraulic hoist at the rear. Anchors down Buoy #6 -- bobs in the water -- ten feet away. ON FALCON -- a smile tries to cross his lips.

FALCON
That's our boy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Samantha slows the engines. The two boats roughly 100 yards from each other as "Islamorada" cruises toward the vessel.

ON Matt and Buzz. Buzz groggy -- "Where am I?" Head pounding -- his red eyes full of hate.

MATT
It's okay, Buzz, you're safe now -- We'll grab the cargo and get you back to shore. Okay?

BUZZ
(dazed)
Karen's dead, Matt. They fucking killed her.

MATT
I know, Buzz. I'm sorry -- I really am.

Falcon crosses over to them. Lights a cigarette.

FALCON
Congratulations men! You just etched your names in the history books.

Buzz looks at him -- Tries to focus. Matt, question on his face.

MATT
What the hell is that supposed to mean?

FALCON
(inhales deeply)
The single largest drug seizing bust in the history of the agency -- you boys were right there!

Matt, something not clicking -- thought flying -- the boat less than 50 yards away now.

SAMANTHA
(calling out)
We're getting close, Falc.

MATT
Agency? What fucking agency?

FALCON
The baddest group of hombres these waters know -- the D.E.A.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buzz throws him a look -- Matt still confused.

MATT
The what?

BUZZ
The Drug Enforcement Agency.

FALCON
I work for 'em.

Matt's jaw drops.

MATT
You gotta be fucking kidding me --

FALCON
Been on this case for four years, tracking a military funded, CIA-Contra triangle. We've been close to these bastards for quite some time, but not close enough. I've chewed many a nail watching Central and South American drugs traded for weapons to fund those worthless bastards -- I just couldn't seem to find the missing link -- And then you boys stepped in.

BUZZ
What'd we find, Falcon?

FALCON
You boys located "The Lost Shipment" -- contact boat was destroyed -- shit sank to the ocean floor --

MATT
Destroyed? Destroyed by who?

BUZZ
Don't tell me -- "The competition."

FALCON
Boy's catching on --

"Islamorada" less than 20 yards from the waiting vessel.

MATT
Who the hell is this "competition" you keep referring to?!!

A long beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALCON
(inhales cigarette)
Your father -- Mr. CIA himself.

ON Matt and Buzz -- shock. Confusion.

FALCON
Been tracking his ass since he took over this operation --

MATT
Dad... That's impossible...

FALCON
I figured by getting close to you guys -- the trail would end with him.

BUZZ
So what about Samantha?

FALCON
One of the best people the Agency has -- had her undercover at the Doll House lounge -- Great place to observe certain "heavies" --

Matt looks to Buzz -- both boys numb.

MATT
You used us. Just went and used us...

BUZZ
Played us like a deck of cards.

The boat nearly 10 feet from the salvage vessel -- It's; crew awaiting orders. Falcon rises -- standing tall. Takes one final drag -- tosses the butt.

FALCON
Well, you know what they say. "A man's gotta do --"

MATT
I know, I know, what the man's gotta --

BOOM! Falcon's eyes widen, his crest blown outward, bone fragments fill the air. A trail of cigarette smoke pours from his open lung as he falls SLOW MOTION to the deck.

Samantha turns.

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA
Falconnn!!!

The boys hit the deck. The water next to their boat exploding as a MORTAR ROUND hits, rocking the ocean.

MATT
Samantha, get on the guns!!

ANGLE ON THE SALVAGE

Crew scrambling for cover as their captain fires up the engines. The anchor chain is heard -- METAL ON METAL.

ANGLE ON THE OCEAN

Full bore, ENGINES revved -- a 40 foot naval looking vessel. Four crew members -- armed. In the fly bridge a sharpshooter EJECTS A SHELL from his smoking rifle. PAN DOWN to the left bow -- it's Dawson -- rifle in hand.

ON "ISLAMORADA"

Sam crouches as several ROUNDS RICOCHET around her -- unable to man the twin 50's. Matt and Buzz huddle next to a dying Falcon.

MATT
Falcon!! Falcon, goddammit!! You can't die! Not not!

FALCON
(drowning in his own blood)
Do it boys. Do it for the D.E.A...

And dies -- head falling sideways -- eyes glazed.

No time for emotion as several ROUNDS split wood and sparks all around the boys. In a flash, Matt makes a move.

MATT
Don't move, Buzz!!

He dives forward towards a hatch -- ROUNDS whizzing by -- Buzz behind him using Falcon's corpse for cover. Matt opens a hatch -- Weapons.

BUZZ
Come on!! Come on!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BULLET tears into Falcon's shoulder, covering Buzz's face in flesh. He dives backward as Matt tumbles in -- two AK-47's in hand.

MATT
(gives one to Buzz)
Lock and load, Buzz!! Samantha get us out of here!!

BUZZ
Where the fuck are we gonna go??!!

Samantha leans on the throttle -- the boat jerks forward. Matt and Buzz falling over each other as Samantha screams into a tight left turn.

MATT
(to Buzz)
You take port -- I got starboard -- Samantha! Get on those guns!!

ANGLE on naval boat -- following suit -- turning left -- WEAPONS still blazing.

TIGHT on Buzz -- He throws a look back and sees --

TIGHT on Dawson -- eyes locking with Buzz. Another mortar is launched from the naval boat. Too long as it flashes red and GOES OFF in front of "Islamorada" -- water filling the air.

DAWSON
Goddamnit!! Check your fucking aim!!

Samantha at the helm. She manages a glance to Buzz as the ship to shore radio rips open next to her head.

SAMANTHA
Buzz!! Get up here!! Get up here now!

Matt lays out a stream of cover FIRE as Buzz scrambles to her position.

BUZZ
What's wrong with the guns?!!

SAMANTHA
I don't build 'em -- I just shoot 'em -- Cover me!!

She darts off -- headed towards Matt. Matt -- a burst of FIRE as she approaches, and scurries right past him. Eyes fixed elsewhere.

CONTINUED:

MATT
Samantha!! Don't go back there!!
It's not safe!!

She stops alongside Falcon's red corpse -- tears streaming down her face.

SAMANTHA
Oh, Falc! Those bastards, those bastards.
(kisses his forehead)
I love you, Falcon.

Buzz is working the breech of the .50 cal -- shell jammed. Samantha dives down next to Matt.

MATT
What now, huh?! You tell me what the fuck now?!!

Her eyes sparkle.

SAMANTHA
Time to play handball --

She bolts up heading towards Buzz at the helm.

ANGLE on the salvage vessel. Anchor raised on board, ENGINES raging -- the vessel begins to pull away. This crew wants no part of his mini-war.

Rife scope POV - Crosshairs following Samantha as she moves towards Buzz, up top -- driving the boat. Our FRAME jerks -- SHOTS ringing off.

Matt looks up in time to see the bullet strike Samantha's collarbone/chest area. SLOW MOTION as she falls through a shower of her own blood, landing at the stern near Falcon.

MATT
Noooo!!!

As he bolts upward he FIRES a burst, and moves toward Buzz's position.

ANGLE on the sharpshooter. Matt's ammo taking the baseball cap, along with some skull, off his head. His eyes close as he tumbles off the bridge into the water. ON Dawson -- caught in a "red rain." He wipes a particle from his cheek.

Matt continues up and joins Buzz, trying to steer this boat.

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
Matt, what the hell --

MATT
(crazed)
Shut up!! Shut your mouth!!
Bring us around, I want to go
right at 'em!!

BUZZ
Are you crazy?!

MATT
Yeeeeessss!!!

His eyes blaze. Buzz knows he means it. Works the boat into a full right bank, and jerks violently left. Matt is working the bolt on the .50's like madman that he is at this point.

MATT
C'mon, bastard!! I wanna meet the
maker!!

The violent move left catches the naval vessel off guard. It can't re-adjust in time -- "Islamorada" at full bore has a perfect straight line of attack.

ANGLE on Dawson -- sees this, barks an order to the man just left of him.

DAWSON
Get that RPG - and plow those
maggots out of the water!!

The man moves up quickly.

DAWSON
(to himself)
Come to poppa, boys...

ANGLE on Matt/Buzz -- Matt still working the bolt. No luck -- Buzz holding course.

BUZZ
We're getting pretty close for you
to be screwin' around!!!

MATT
You just stay on course,
sailor!! I'll fix this bastard!!

Their approaching POV -- The naval vessel -- closing fast. In the distance we spot Dawson's man re-emerging with an RPG rocket launcher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON Buzz -- face tightening.

BUZZ
C'mon, Matt! C'mon!!

ON Dawson -- a smile cracks. "Islamorada" approaching fast. No gunfire. He spots Matt, Buzz.

DAWSON
(excited)
He's jammed up top. Fire one, soldier!!

CLOSEUP -- Trigger finger RPG -- squeezing slowly as...

Matt's eyes widen -- a shell casing flies out past him.

MATT
It's free!!

He slams the bolt forward and the twin .50's come to life, Matt's screaming drowned out by this barking angry WEAPON.

ANGLE on the naval vessel -- .50 caliber ROUNDS tearing up and across the bow. RPG man's left side is ripped open violently, his rocket launcher hitting the deck. He flies up and over the vanvas top jiggling into the water.

Dawson hits the deck -- hands clamped over hears. Matt's GUNFIRE zigzagging destruction across his stifled crew.

BUZZ
Hang on!

Buzz yanks the wheel right, avoiding collision, and speeds past the naval boat. Matt swivels the weapon, continues FIRING!

ANGLE on Dawson's radio MAN -- panicking.

MAN
Mayday! Mayday!

Matt's STRAFING run cuts through him in mid speech -- his life gone as he buckles over and down.

ON Matt - fire ceased, glaring back at Dawson's boat.

MATT
(to Buzz)
Swing around again. I still got more ammo!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
You sound like you're enjoying this!

MATT
I am!!

Dawson's boat is pouring smoke. Two twisted corpses lay on deck. Engines cut. Suddenly quiet.

Buzz completes a banking one-eighty, and comes; to slow, gradual stop at the rear of the naval vessel. No less than ten feet form it -- Matt has the 50's ready, leveled on the boat. Buzz working the boar's gears, keeping it in place. All eyes on the enemy craft.

BUZZ
Don't get anxious, Matt. I think we're okay here.

ON the boat -- a bullet laden mess. Blood, shattered wood, glass. No movement, eerie. A tapping NOISE as the current bangs Buoy #6 against the side of the boat -- over and over.

MATT
I'll stay up here to be sure. Go check on Samantha.

BUZZ
(moving off)
Shit! I almost forgot...

Matt doesn't move. Finger on trigger. Eyes scanning the boat.

MATT
(to himself)
Where ya hidin', Dad?

Buzz crosses back down the port side -- spots Samantha, on her back, blood-covered torso.

BUZZ
Oh, God... Samantha, you alive?!

Slowly, she turns her head to him.

SAMANTHA
Unfortunately, yes.

Buzz, relieved, kneels down next to her. Examines the wound, through and through. Pretty clean hole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
You gonna make it?

SAMANTHA
I think so... goddam it hurts, Buzz.

BUZZ
I know, I know it does.
(to Matt)
Matt, Sam's alive!

A moment.

MATT (O.S.)
So is Dad.

Buzz's head jerks up at "Dad." He rises.

BUZZ
Don't go anywhere, Sam.

He bolts off. Sam watches him go. He rejoins Matt at the fly bridge. Their faces reveal shock -- anger.

Their POV -- through the smoke, amongst the debris, movement, a figure, staring to stand upright. It's Dawson. Thigh exposed, bullet wound, bleeding badly. All eyes meet. "So it's come dow to this."

MATT
(cold)
You're lucky to be alive, you fuck!

DAWSON
(in pain)
No, I think <u>you</u> two are lucky to be alive.

BUZZ
What about Karen?!! Huh? How lucky is she? She's hanging naked in my shower with her throat slit! How does she fit into this? Huh? Was she a Contra, or CIA or a low life military maggot?! You tell me, you seem to have all the answers, "Dad."

Dawson has no answer. Buzz's anger rising.

BUZZ
I oughta blow you away. <u>Right here! Right now</u>!

CONTINUED:

He reaches down, seizes his AK-47, rises back up.

DAWSON
Wait! Wait! Buzz, don't do anything foolish! We can talk bout this; like men, like a... family.

BUZZ
(shocked)
A family??!

MATT
We're not a family, you piece of shit. Buzz and I might be brothers, but you sure as hell aren't our father. Don't you forget that, either.

BUZZ
(lowers the AK)
You're gonna rot, Colonel -- You're gonna rot in the brig -- plenty of time to think about your sins, before you wither away.

Dawson lowers his head -- it's all on the table now. He looks back up, tears stream from his eyes.

DAWSON
(voice cracking)
I was following orders, goddammit. How can you persecute me for being a loyal soldier? This is my life!

He points to his medals. Matt looks to Buzz -- he's insane.

DAWSON
I've worked hard to get where I am... You can't take that from me -- It's not fair!!
(near breaking)
It's just not fair...

A sob, pathetic.

MATT
Life isn't fair.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The .50's erupt. A stream of holes rip open in front of Dawson's feet. He staggers back. Water flowing in freely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
We'll send the Coast Guard back for you. That is if you don't get involved with them first.

He points.

SWISH PAN off of Buzz -- the water. A bobbing corpse jerks violently. A 12 foot hammerhead shark, frenzied, chewing the body. Looking for more. Buzz fires up the ENGINE.

BUZZ
(calling out)
Samantha! We're movin' out!

Dawson's boat -- taking on more water, sinking fast.

DAWSON
Wait! You can't leave me here -- I'll die -- I'll get eaten alive!!

MATT
You should of thought about that. A long time ago.

The ENGINES roar to life. 50's still trained on Dawson as "Islamorada" pulls away. Any other noise from Dawson is drowned out as the engines reach they're tone.

ON Dawson watching them go. A beat. He moves for something -- bending down painfully -- he rises back up -- weapon in hand -- the RPG.

DAWSON
(to himself)
Should have killed me, boys...

He raises the rocket launcher to his shoulder.

ANGLE on Buzz and Matt -- at the helm. Neither speaks. Faces in the wind. Matt glances back. An eyebrow raises --

MATT
(to Buzz)
Hand me those binoculars.

He takes them from Buzz, looks though.

His POV -- Dawson on one knee, rocket on shoulder, trying to aim, as the current rocks him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
Oh shit!!

BUZZ
What? What?

MATT
Fucking rocket!!

Buzz is confused. Matt pushes him aside -- scans the equipment --spots it. The "Depth Finder."

BUZZ
What the hell are you doing?

MATT
Trying to find the button!

His hand locates it -- he smiles.

MATT
Bingo!

Pushes it -- nothing! Dawson strains for the perfect shot -- completely over the edge.

MATT
What the...

BUZZ
(remembers)
The key! The golden key!

Matt suddenly in a panic -- searching everywhere -- no sign of it.

MATT
Where is it?!

Samantha steps up to them, blood caked caked, woozy.

SAMANTHA
You lookin' for this?

She holds it up -- Matt snatches it -- bends down toward the locked "button."

MATT
I love you, Sam!

CLOSEUP - the key -- inserting -- turns -- finger finds button.

CLOSEUP Dawson -- right at water level he has his shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAWSON
My turn, fuckers --

ON Buzz.

BUZZ
Matt -- I think we were adopted.

MATT
I agree.

He hits the button.

ANGLE on the ocean. A deafening ROAR. Jetting upwards in all direction. As time to seems to pause. At the epicenter of the apocalyptic blast -- Colonel William Dawson -- body sent up into the ozone or left down below for fish food.

ANGLE on Matt, Buzz, Samantha -- their faces of shock. It's almost a FREEZE FRAME, no movement. All eyes fixed on the blast.

As the seemingly endless water rains back down. Our heroes jet out towards the horizon -- disappearing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The water calm, seagulls overhead. A sense of peace the "Islamorada" sways softly. ENGINES cut -- in the stern. Matt and Buzz are struggling with what appears to be a body-wrapped in canvas lobster bags. Samantha behind them, fresh white bandages covering her battle wound.

In one move, the body is dumped into the ocean -- bobbing and momentarily, and then gone.

SAMANTHA
(tears in her eyes)
I know Falcon would appreciate this... he loved these waters.

She begins to sob. Matt goes over to her -- takes her in his arms.

MATT
It's okay, Sam. It's okay. He's with you. I know he is...

Buzz still watching the water where the burial occurred.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUZZ
So long, Falc... Be cool.

He turns to face Matt, Samantha. All eyes glistening as the three share, what we can imagine to be delightful happy memories of the man they called "Falcon."

BUZZ
I feel a bit aged for some reason, youth just passin' me by...

MATT
That's not youth, bro -- just life -- that's all...

Samantha wipes her eyes -- trying to regain composure -- smiles awkwardly at the men.

SAMANTHA
You guys are fugitives. You know that right --

A moment.

BUZZ
(smiles)
It's okay, I'm used to being on the move.

MATT
Can't go home, Buzz, can't do a lot of things now, except live.

We sense the three are together now for life. An undeniable bond between.

SAMANTHA
Falcon always spoke of a certain place. He told me to go there -- if for some reason, he couldn't take me there. He described it as a place where the soul could roam freely.

MATT
I like it already.

BUZZ
What exactly is it?

A long beat. Through Samantha's eyes -- she sees it in her head - that beautiful smile peaks out.

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA
It's a place called Andros Island.

RISING away from the boat -- its ENGINES fired up once again. Buzz at the helm, Samantha and Matt at his sides. Still rising, we see the sun's tender rays cutting past and outward offering light to the planet. We catch a glimpse of the boat's transom as we PULL AWAY -- it reads "Islamorada."

FADE OUT.

THE END